

P.L.O.
OST MORTEM:
VID PRYCE-JONES

DECEMBER 24, 1984 • \$1.95

The Treasury's terrific tax idea

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER: BISHOPS' GAMBIT • HUGH TREVOR-ROPER • JOHN LAHR: THE STONES

THE NEW REPUBLIC

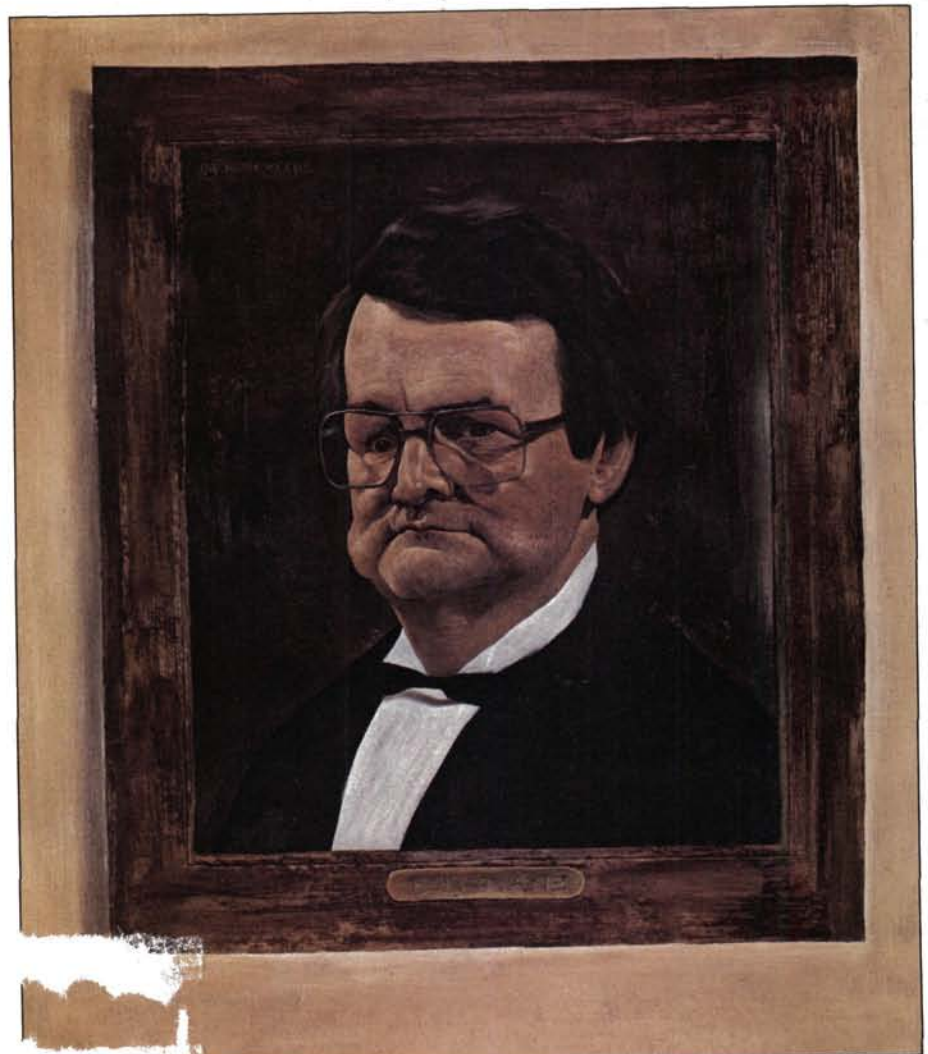
THE DONOVAN SCANDALS

**HOW
THE FBI
BLEW IT**

BY ANTONY J.
BLINKEN

**THE
SET-ASIDE
SCAM**

BY MICHAEL
ORESKE



CORRESPONDENCE

CHOMSKY'S DEFENSE

To the editors:

THE NEW REPUBLIC alleges that an entry concerning me in the Fontana *Bibliographical Companion to Modern Thought* was replaced at the insistence of the American publisher, Harper & Row ("Notebook," TNR, October 29). The reason, you claim, "is obvious": "Mr. Chomsky, who has often put himself forward as a free speech absolutist, threatened to initiate libel action." The charge is a brazen lie.

The facts are as follows: I wrote to Lord Bullock presenting him with ample documentation that the entry in question contained a series of lies. I concluded my correspondence as follows: "Sampson may write whatever nonsense he pleases; this is none of my concern, and I have naturally never so much as commented publicly on his fabrications [in the work cited as a source in his entry], though I have devoted considerable effort to responding to critical discussion that maintains minimal levels of intellectual integrity. With regard to a book, readers can form their own conclusions. But an entry in a reference work is something quite different. Readers rely on the reputation of the editors to guarantee that what is presented is accurate, not fabrication and mere slander as in this case; and the editors surely have a responsibility to justify this trust. In my preceding letter I cited two outright lies; in this one I have added several more. I trust that you will investigate the matter, and will see to it that this scurrilous material is removed, forthwith, and with appropriate notification of the fact."

Lord Bullock informed me that he had decided that the entry would be changed in a forthcoming American edition, which until then I knew nothing about. I had no contact at any time with either the British or American publisher. The question of libel action never arose at any point. I will gladly make the full correspondence available. Lord Bullock will surely confirm that this is the total correspondence and the publishers will confirm that we were never in contact.

When THE NEW REPUBLIC publishes lies concerning me, I do not threaten libel suits. I do believe in freedom of speech, even for malicious liars. There

is no space here to respond to the specific lies repeated by TNR, but my letters to Lord Bullock, which more than suffice, are available for anyone who may be interested.

NOAM CHOMSKY
Cambridge, Massachusetts

The editors reply:

For a full treatment of the matters raised in this letter, readers should consult Geoffrey Sampson's "Censoring 20th-Century Culture: The Case of Noam Chomsky" in *The New Criterion*, October 1984, and a forthcoming exchange between Mr. Sampson and Mr. Chomsky in the January 1985 issue of the same journal.

Mr. Chomsky denies ever having threatened anyone with libel. Yet, according to Hugh Van Dusen, the Harper & Row editor of the book in question, the publisher referred the matter to its lawyers. This is a step not ordinarily taken in disputes over historical judgment. According to Mr. Sampson, the book's co-editor, R. B. Woodings, speaking on behalf of Lord Bullock, alluded throughout their discussions to Mr. Chomsky's libel threats. The most charitable way to look at this is that Lord Bullock might have read a libel threat into a bullying correspondence from Mr. Chomsky.

Moreover, only the palpableness of such a threat, no matter how dubious its legal merits, can explain Harper & Row's behavior. Here is what Mr. Sampson said about Mr. Chomsky, in a passage which caused them to remove the entire entry on Chomsky from the American edition of the *Bibliographical Companion*: "He forfeited intellectual authority as a political commentator by a series of actions widely regarded as ill-judged (repeated polemics minimizing the Khmer Rouge atrocities in Cambodia; endorsement of a book—which Chomsky admitted he had not read—that denied the historical reality of the Jewish Holocaust)." Since this censored sentence in no way distorts the truth, and indeed is scrupulously accurate, its omission can be explained only by a fear of legal embroilment.

This is also a very old controversy, which Mr. Chomsky has sought to confuse over the years by tossing adjectives like "brazen" and "scurrilous" at critics who recognize both Pol Pot's crimes

and the effort to whitewash the Nazi genocide for what they are. For example, on Mr. Chomsky's defense of Robert Faurisson, who claims that the holocaust is a Zionist hoax, see Anson Rabinach, "Anti-Semitism Reconsidered," in *New German Critique*, Fall 1980. See also Pierre Vidal-Naquet, "A Paper Eichmann?" and Arno J. Mayer, "A Note on Vidal-Naquet," both in *democracy*, April 1981. Also, Paul Berman, "Gas Chamber Games: Crackpot History and the Right to Lie," in *The Village Voice*, June 10-16, 1981. Also "The Denial of the Dead: The Faurisson Affair and Noam Chomsky," by Nadine Fresco, in *Dissent*, Fall 1981.

JEWES AND BALLOTS

To the editors:

TRB is right ("Still Chosen," TNR, December 3) that Jews began to drift away from their traditional Democratic loyalties in recent years not for voluntary, ideological reasons, but because they were pushed away by a succession of party policies and leaders that were perceived to be hostile to Jewish interests and values.

But he is wrong to argue that the reversal of this trend—manifested by the return of a 70 percent majority for the Democratic Presidential candidate—constitutes the redemption of Jewish liberalism. Jews moved away from Ronald Reagan for the same reason that, in earlier elections, they moved away from George McGovern and Jimmy Carter. They didn't jump, they were pushed. They were pushed by what they perceived as Reagan's attack on the principle of separation of church and state. Except among a few party activists and liberal ideologues, there was little Jewish enthusiasm for the Democratic ticket. Because of Mr. Mondale's truckling to Jesse Jackson, most of us voted for him while holding our noses.

American Jews need to be made aware of something new in their condition in this country: political homelessness. This homelessness, unprecedented in the American Jewish experience, and not a return to the liberal fold, as TRB asserts, is the true meaning of the 1984 elections so far as the Jewish community is concerned.

TOM MILSTEIN
New York, New York

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

FOUNDED 1914

ISSUE 3,649

WASHINGTON, D.C.

DECEMBER 24, 1984

Editor-in-Chief and President
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

Literary Editor

LEON WIESELTIER

Executive Editor

MORTON M. KONDRACK

Senior Editors

ANN HULBERT, MICHAEL E. KINSLEY,

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

Managing Editor

DOROTHY WICKENDEN

Associate Editor

JEFFERSON MORLEY

New Republic Books Editor

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston)

STEVE WASSERMAN

Films

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Music

EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

Poetry

ROBERT PINSKY

Contributing Editors

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG,

ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE,

JOSEPH FEATHERSTONE, JAMES K. GLASSMAN,

JOHN KEEGAN, ROBERT KUTTNER, R.W.B. LEWIS,

NATHAN LEWIN, MARK CRISPIN MILLER,

WILLIAM J. QUIRK, ROBERT B. REICH,

PAUL ROBINSON, MAGGIE SCARF,

RONALD STEEL, RICHARD L. STROUT,

ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN,

MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD

National Political Correspondent

SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

Staff Writer

CHUCK LANE

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator

LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Assistant to the Editors

NANCY E. MILLER

Production Manager

PATRICIA A. HOPPER

Assistant Production Manager

TEMUS MERTINS

Production Associates

HILARY M. KANTER,

KAREN A. STEINKE

Reporter-Researchers

DAVID A. BELL, ANTONY J. BLINKEN,

TERENCE MORAN

Publisher

JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Associate Publisher

REED PHILLIPS

Controller

J. KRISTINE KLASMAN

Advertising Manager

JOAN M. STAPLETON

Circulation Director

TOM HICKS

Circulation Manager

GENE SITTENFELD

Assistant to the Controller

LIVIA ARNAIZ

Circulation Assistant

ROBIN CHERRY

Assistant to the Advertising Manager

CATHERINE SCHILLING

Accounting Assistant

LYNN J. CLEMENT

Leadership Network Advertising

ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

Back Issues and Reception

CATHI E. STALLINGS

- 2 CORRESPONDENCE On (and from) Noam Chomsky; the Jewish vote.
- 4 TRB FROM WASHINGTON THE REGAN MIRACLE
Why Mario Cuomo and Peter Grace fear reform.
- 5 THE EDITORS TAXATION SENSATION
Somehow, the Reagan Treasury Department has come up with a plan for fair, simple taxes. Good!
WELCOME, MR. TERRORIST
A case of unusually gross hypocrisy at State.
- 7 DAVID PRYCE-JONES THE GUN, AGAIN
In Amman, the P.L.O. opts for armed struggle.
A HAND FOR KHOMEINI
- 10 CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER PERILS OF THE PROPHET MOTIVE
The Catholic bishops have made a stirring call for abolishing poverty through good intentions.
- 13 ANTONY J. BLINKEN RAY DONOVAN'S LUCKY BREAK
The F.B.I. didn't tell Senate investigators all it knew about the Labor Secretary's alleged ties to the mob. Was it just ineptitude—or a cover-up?
- 17 MICHAEL ORESKES THE SET-ASIDE SCAM
To bolster minority enterprise, the government reserved contracts for black-owned firms. The results included mismanagement and fraud. How come what began in hope ended in corruption?
- 24 STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS: LATE IN THE DAY
The Case Is Closed, an excellent Indian export.
- 26 JOHN LAHR EXILES ON EASY STREET
The Rolling Stones' music plays games with evil, which is an astute aesthetic and commercial move. What they are really on to, however, is decadence.
- 31 HUGH TREVOR-ROPER DEAR ALLY
Churchill and Roosevelt: The Complete Correspondence edited by Warren F. Kimball
- 36 ANN HULBERT ALL IN THE FAMILY
Machine Dreams by Jayne Anne Phillips
Dreams of Sleep by Josephine Humphreys
The Time of Her Life by Robb Forman Dew
Family Dancing by David Leavitt
- 38 JANE KENYON POEM *The Appointment*
- 40 CHARLES FRIED LIBERALS AND LOVE
The Reconstruction of Patriotism: Education for Civic Consciousness by Morris Janowitz
- 43 WASHINGTON DIARIST IT'S MY PARTY

COVER Painting by Ori Hofmekler for THE NEW REPUBLIC.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 191, No. 26, Issue 3,649, December 24, 1984. (Printed on December 5, 1984.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 9 & 16, July 16 & 23, Aug. 13 & 20, and Sept. 17 & 24, 1984) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, \$48; foreign, \$73; Canada, \$60. Back issues, \$2.50 (includes postage & handling). ©1984 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Int'l., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737-0001.** For subscription problems call 800-645-9559 (In N.Y. State call 800-732-9119).

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

DECEMBER 24, 1984 3

TRB[®]

FROM WASHINGTON

THE REGAN MIRACLE

"There is no tax reform that has ever done anything but increase taxes," grumps J. Peter Grace, the government waste crusader, in opposing the Treasury Department's tax reform plan, unveiled November 27. It would be hard to design a tax reform that didn't increase Mr. Grace's taxes, since his company, W. R. Grace, has paid none for the past two years, despite profits of \$340 million. In fact, the company sold \$53 million of unneeded tax credits in 1982, and had \$25 million saved up against future taxes at the end of last year. Naturally Mr. Waste, I mean Mr. Grace, is not eager for change. Heads of other corporations that currently pay more than their fair share may disagree.

Tax reform buffs (I am one) are dazzled by the elegance and courage of the Treasury scheme, which would leave the tax code simpler, fairer, and far more efficient. They are also puzzled at how an object of such beauty should have emerged from the atelier of Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, a one-time no-nonsense businessman whose public career until now has been a model of intellectual corruption in the service of politics (deficits don't affect interest rates, et cetera). What's come over Regan? Perhaps he is "looking to history," as we like to say in Washington these days.

Others, meanwhile, are looking to their wallets. The Regan plan would leave four out of five taxpayers with their taxes unchanged or reduced, and half of the remainder will be out less than 1 percent. But obviously a few will get socked. Others have careers or fortunes that depend on the current code's complexities and irrational preferences. They will not give in easily. After barely

a week, the debate over Regan's plan has produced several strong nominees for the Chutzpah Hall of Fame.

How about Charls Walker? He's the business superlobbyist who helped produce the present mess by pushing through sundry tax breaks for different kinds of industries and investments. Regan's plan would replace much of Walker's handiwork with a system of lower rates for all businesses, leaving investment decisions to the free market. A fine conservative idea. Walker calls this "a political pipe dream." Why? Because it "would require cutting back on tax preferences that . . . are defended by some of Washington's most powerful lobbies."

Or Dan Rostenkowski, Democratic chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. "Tax reform is a noble cause," he says piously, but he opposes it because reducing the deficit is more urgent. The deficit did not weigh so heavily on Rosty's conscience in 1981, when he led the charge to outdo the Republicans in adding expensive new loopholes and favors to Reagan's first tax bill. Life would be pretty empty for Rostenkowski, and so would his campaign treasury (now full to bursting with contributions from the denizens of tax loopholes), if the tax code were straightened out. In fact, tax reform is a key to addressing the deficit problem. By eliminating distortions and waste, it will invigorate the economy and bring in new revenues. By restoring people's faith in the system's fairness, it will make a later tax increase more palatable.

And the pecksniffery! A spokesman for the real estate syndication industry says that cracking down on tax shelters will hurt the poor, by raising the cost of housing. Frank Mankiewicz, former aide to Robert F. Kennedy and George McGovern, now a lobbyist, expresses concern that ending the deduction for Frank Mankiewicz's lunch will hurt "the waiters, the waitresses, the busboys, the cooks. . . ."

The New York Times calls the plan too "sweeping" and "written with [too] little attention to the politics," an uncharacteristic bit of pragmatism from a paper that ordinarily fears not to sweep. The *Times's* real objection is to the end of deductions for state and local taxes, which will hit hardest in America's highest-tax state, New York. Governor Mario Cuomo called Secretary Regan "incomprehensibly ignorant" for saying

that 70 percent of New Yorkers won't be affected since they don't itemize deductions. The correct figure is 60 percent. Of the rest, some will pay more (up to \$1,100 more in a hypothetical case concocted by the *Times*) and some will still pay less, thanks to lower rates. Yet Cuomo asserts that this change will "pulverize" the middle class, and Senator Pat Moynihan says, "I'm on the Finance Committee to see it doesn't happen."

The Wall Street Journal objects because the reform would increase corporate taxes somewhat on average and would end the special treatment of capital gains, currently taxed at two-fifths the rate of other income. In fact, thanks to lower rates generally and inflation indexing, Regan's plan would lead to lower taxes on capital gains in many circumstances. And after closing loopholes, Regan would lower the *marginal* tax rate on corporate income. Supply-side theology has long held that marginal tax rates are the key variable. Most important, by eliminating all these differentials between one company and another, one investment and another, Regan's plan would redeploy thousands of people and billions of dollars out of tax finagling and into productive occupations. It is the real supply-side initiative of the Reagan years.

In fact, Donald Regan's tax reform plan is the most astonishing and potentially beneficial policy initiative to come out of the Reagan Administration. It goes way beyond the Bradley-Gephardt and Kemp-Kasten proposals in scraping away dozens of big and small barnacles that encrust the tax code.

By whatever accident it came about, the Regan proposal stands as a challenge to liberal Democrats and conservative Republicans alike. The challenge to Republicans is: Do you really believe in capitalism, in the free market, or are you merely a defender of the business status quo, with all its distortions and hidden subsidies from the government? The challenge to Democrats is: Do you believe in simple fairness, or will you torpedo a great progressive reform because it steps on the toes of a few Democratic interests (labor unions with their tax-free fringe benefits, big city mayors with their industrial revenue bonds), because it might dry up the PAC money, or just because it comes from the Reagan Administration? The challenge to J. Peter Grace is: Just shut up for a while, will you please?



THE NEW REPUBLIC

DECEMBER 24, 1984

TAXATION SENSATION

Something truly wonderful happened in Washington on November 27. The Reagan Administration's Treasury Department, of all institutions, produced a tax reform proposal that would transform the nation's chaotic, complicated revenue-raising system into something fair, simple, progressive, efficient, and encouraging to economic growth. Under the proposal, tax rates would be cut for all individuals, with those at the bottom end of the economic ladder benefiting most; and loopholes and tax preferences would be eliminated so that a larger share of the nation's income would be taxable. In the aggregate, corporations would pay more than they do now, but because all corporations would pay the same (lower) rate, some overtaxed industries would pay less. Most important, both individuals and corporations would be encouraged to invest their money to make money, not to avoid taxes, the effect of which would be to increase economic growth, possibly by as much as 2 or 3 percent of G.N.P. a year.

So salutary a plan naturally came under immediate attack from special interests that benefit from the present tax system, and from the politicians of both parties who represent them. But a bipartisan group of other politicians—*real* populists, democrats, and believers in genuine competitive capitalism—have come out in support of the plan. President Reagan hasn't; nor has the Democratic Party. We urgently hope that both will do so.

There is every reason why both should. President Reagan launched the Treasury on the way toward this proposal by declaring in his 1984 State of the Union message, "Let us go forward with an historic reform for fairness, simplicity, and incentives for growth." He called on Secretary of the Treasury Donald Regan to draft a new tax code under which "all taxpayers, big and small, are treated more fairly." Similarly, the 1984 Democratic platform declared that "the present system is unfair, complex, and encourages people to use a wide range of loopholes to avoid paying their fair share of taxes. The combination of loopholes for the few and high rates for the many is both unfair and anti-growth. It distorts investment, diverting creative energies into tax avoidance. And it makes the tax code even less comprehensible to the average American." The platform

said that "by broadening the tax base, simplifying the tax code, lowering rates, and eliminating unnecessary, unfair, and unproductive deductions and tax expenditures, we can raise the revenues we need and promote growth without increasing the burden on average taxpayers."

That is precisely what the Treasury plan does. Instead of the present fourteen tax brackets, the plan calls for three, with the top rate lowered from 50 percent to 35 percent. Because of increases in the personal exemption and the standard deduction, families below the poverty line would be freed from taxes altogether. Persons making \$10,000 or less would have their tax rate cut, on average, by 32.5 percent, while those between \$20,000 and \$50,000 would get a 9 percent rate cut and those above \$100,000, a 6.4 percent cut. About 80 percent of all taxpayers would pay the same tax as they do now, or less; 20 percent—those who itemize their tax returns and depend upon shelters and other deductions to reduce their taxes—would pay more. That is both the beauty of the plan and the cause of part of its political opposition.

Stockbrokers, for example, expressed alarm at the fact that capital gains will be taxed at the same rate as ordinary income instead of enjoying their present 60 percent exclusion, although the value of assets will be indexed to protect them against inflation. Institutions dependent upon charitable contributions raised an outcry because both the proposed tax rate cuts and limits on charitable deductions may discourage philanthropy; these changes undoubtedly will hurt the voluntary sector, but the existing tax code is loaded with worthwhile provisions which, taken together, add up to an unwieldy and unfair mess.

A.F.L.-C.I.O. President Lane Kirkland immediately (we think prematurely and shortsightedly) attacked the Treasury plan for proposing to tax unemployment compensation, black lung benefits, and some employee fringe benefits, such as life insurance, unemployment, and health insurance above \$2,100 per family. Mr. Kirkland acknowledges that there are virtues in the proposal—including ending oil depletion allowances and credits that encourage corporations to locate overseas—but he is pessimistic about the American political process. "All our experience tells

us," he said, "that when you are up against a hostile Administration and a mixed-bag Congress, there is a strong possibility that what's good [in the tax plan] will be lost and what's bad will remain." We hope that labor will see that overall the Treasury plan benefits working people by lowering their tax rates and engendering job-creating growth, and that—along with other interest groups—it will subordinate its immediate concerns to the national good.

Among the Democrats, the most disappointing responses have come in the hip-shooting, intemperate remarks of Governor Mario Cuomo and Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, both of New York, who see in the Treasury plan only an immediate negative effect on taxpayers in their own state. The plan eliminates the present deduction for state and local taxes. Since New York is a "high-tax" state with a top income tax rate of 10 percent (plus 8 percent for residents of New York City), technically New York taxpayers will be hit with a large tax increase. Mr. Cuomo vowed to mobilize governors of other states to defeat the measure. Mr. Moynihan was quoted in *The New York Times* as saying, "God damn it, they're trying to wreck our state." He also called the plan "ruinous" and declared, "I'm on the [Senate] Finance Committee to see it doesn't happen."

We urge these two estimable public servants to consider the benefits of the Treasury plan, not merely for the country but for New York, too—even for New York politicians. First, if tax rates are lowered for all taxpayers, they also are lowered for New Yorkers; at the top rate, a wealthy New Yorker paying 68 percent (50 national, 10 state, 8 city) will be cut back to 53 percent. New York State could make money, if it wanted, by raising its state tax rate. But it won't have to, because all state tax systems use the federal tax base; when the base is broadened by closing loopholes, all of the states will experience a revenue benefit. This does not even take into account the bonus that enhanced economic growth will bring about. Instead of a disaster, the Treasury plan could be a bonanza and a politician's dream. Already New York's budget is in surplus and Governor Cuomo is considering a tax reduction. If he helped push the Treasury plan through, he might be able to run for reelection (or President) with a record of even bigger tax cuts.

Other Democrats, we are happy to say, see the long-term benefits of the Treasury plan, including Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey and Representative Richard Gephardt of Missouri, co-authors of another plan for rate-cutting and base-broadening; Governor Bruce Babbitt of Arizona; and Representative Charles Rangel of New York, a leading member of the House Ways and Means Committee.

The Chairman of that committee, Democratic Representative Daniel Rostenkowski of Illinois, and the new chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Senator Bob Packwood, unhappily, do not support the plan and may try to block it. Rostenkowski objects that the Treasury plan is "revenue neutral"—that is, it does not raise taxes and help close the budget deficit. Senator Bob Dole, former chairman of Senate Finance and the new Senate majority leader, voices the same objection. But these are lame excuses for not proceeding with tax reform. Deficit closure is

an urgent priority, but it can occur at the same time as tax reform—by looking for defense programs to cut, by cutting domestic programs (beginning with middle-class entitlements) so as not to further afflict the poor, and by raising revenues, a process that will be less painful with tax burdens more fairly shared.

THE HARSHTEST opposition of all to Treasury's plan will be mounted by corporate interest groups, which currently pay far below not only the legal corporate rate of 46 percent on profits, but below the average effective corporate rate (after exclusions) of 16 percent. Some industries and individual companies are so well lobbied for in Washington that exclusions in the tax code allow them to receive tax refunds even while amassing huge profits. According to a study by the liberal watchdog group Citizens for Tax Justice, during the 1950s and 1960s corporations paid 25 percent of all federal taxes; now they are down to 6 percent. In 1981 the Reagan Administration moved decisively to benefit corporations by proposing the system of accelerated depreciation, which allows companies to write off the cost of their assets at a rate faster than they actually deteriorate. The Treasury Department not only calls for the repeal of A.C.R.S., it confesses that "the taxation of capital and business income in the United States is deeply flawed. It lacks internal consistency, and . . . it contains subsidies to particular forms of investment that distort choices in the use of the nation's scarce capital resources. It provides opportunities for tax shelters that allow wealthy individuals to pay little tax, undermine confidence in the tax system, and further distort economic choices." Amen!

Congress' Joint Committee on Taxation has just released figures demonstrating the extent of distortion under current tax laws. High-tech instrument companies and computer firms, it showed, paid 33 percent and 26 percent, respectively, of their income in taxes, while chemical companies and paper companies, though profitable, were given refunds. Citizens for Tax Justice looked at 250 profitable corporations and found that 128 of them paid no taxes or received rebates in at least one of the first three Reagan years in office, despite total profits of \$56.7 billion. The biggest gainer of all was General Electric, which made \$6.5 billion in pre-tax profits, yet claimed refunds of \$283 million. On the other hand, Whirlpool and a handful of other companies paid close to the statutory corporate rate of 46 percent. The Treasury proposes dropping the corporate rate to 33 percent and ending double taxation of dividends as well as eliminating corporate tax dodges. "The lower tax rates made possible by base-broadening," said Treasury, "will increase the attractiveness of industries that suffer under the weight of the current unfair and discretionary tax regime."

"But the ultimate beneficiaries will be the American public. No longer will the nation's scarce economic resources—its land, its labor, its capital, and its inventive genius—be allocated by the tax system instead of by market forces. The result will be more productive investment, greater opportunities for employment, more useful out-

put, and faster economic growth." We wholeheartedly agree. But the question is, will the Reagan Administration and Congress be able to put the interest of the whole American public ahead of the special interests, chiefly big businesses, whose PACs are so generous to candidates of both parties come campaign time? In spite of his free-market capitalist ideology, President Reagan owes political allegiance to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and other business groups that oppose the Treasury plan. That self-proclaimed tax reformer, Representative Jack Kemp, says that the Treasury plan is a step in the right direction, but he is having trouble fully endorsing it. If he and his fellow supply-siders don't, however, we'll know for sure that Republican "populism" is a hoax.

The Treasury plan is populist, benefiting individual taxpayers ahead of corporations and less well-off people ahead of richer ones. It is also a growth-oriented—"supply-side," if you like—idea designed to increase investment and productivity. It offers the best hope that we are likely to see for a really fair and efficient tax system. We hope Mr. Reagan will lead a bipartisan coalition to get it passed. And even before the President says what he thinks in his State of the Union message, we hope that Democrats will seize the plan and make it their own.

WELCOME, MR. TERRORIST

Repellent hypocrisy isn't too strong a description of the State Department's decision to grant a visa to Roberto d'Aubuisson, the reputed leader of El Salvador's death squads. We've always believed that visas should not be withheld because the U.S. government disapproves of the politics of the applicant. But that is not the Administration's view. Last month, for example, the State Department denied visas to four Salvadoran women to come to Washington to receive the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Human Rights Award. It asserted that the women, (who belong to an organization called the Committee of Mothers and Relatives of Political Prisoners Disappeared and Murdered in El Salvador) had advocated and participated in violence. Richard Weeks, a State Department spokesman, says that by law the Department cannot disclose the information used for disqualifying visa applicants unless it is already in the public record. He admits, though, that "to the best of my knowledge" there is nothing in the public record either in the United States or in El Salvador to suggest that the four women had ever been detained or arrested for participating in violence. Nor was there any public evidence that they had advocated violence.

In judging Mr. d'Aubuisson's application, the department didn't have to rely on private information from undisclosed sources. There is persuasive evidence linking Mr. d'Aubuisson to the assassination of Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero in March 1980. Two months after the killing, when Mr. d'Aubuisson was detained by fellow

officers on suspicion of plotting a coup, the documents seized from him included a list of needed weapons and personnel ("one driver, one sharpshooter, and four security men") and a map with the convent where the archbishop was killed marked with a large X. The State Department also has classified cables that describe the revelations of a Salvadoran who claims to have been present at a meeting called by Mr. d'Aubuisson in which a dozen security officers drew straws for the privilege of killing the archbishop.

Nor are Mr. d'Aubuisson's activities a mystery to Administration officials. They have publicly acknowledged that Mr. d'Aubuisson's closest associates, if not the man himself, plotted last spring to kill Thomas Pickering, the U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador. And Mr. d'Aubuisson makes little effort to conceal his respect for and allegiance to death squad killers. When Lieutenant Isidro López Sibrián was dismissed from the Salvadoran armed forces last week, Mr. d'Aubuisson was outraged. Lieutenant López Sibrián has been identified by two corporals as the man who ordered them to assassinate the leader of the Salvadoran land reform agency and two A.F.L.-C.I.O. labor advisers in January 1981. The State Department says there is "substantial evidence" against the lieutenant. (The Department also refuses to declassify documents, which it admits exist, about Mr. d'Aubuisson's role in the killings.) Mr. d'Aubuisson described Lieutenant López Sibrián as a "good soldier" with whom he was proud to associate. Somehow none of this disturbs the State Department officials who were so assiduous about keeping out the four women. Why is the Reagan Administration coddling this terrorist?

Arafat's suicidal urge for armed struggle.

THE GUN, AGAIN

VIOLENCE, Yasir Arafat likes to argue, is central to the cause and purpose of Palestine. Without violence, he is fond of repeating to all and sundry, the Palestinians "would be swept under the carpet." During the recent meeting of the Palestinian National Council in Amman, Jordan, he affirmed yet again that the armed struggle against Zionism must continue. Several hundred delegates heard him. The P.N.C. is sometimes referred to as a government in exile. However, those who make up the council are not elected, but nominated by the various factions to which they belong under the umbrella of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Their function has always been to approve decisions previously reached at higher levels. Several factions have defected, and are now ostracized by the P.L.O., so that the Amman proceedings often strayed into recriminations. The delegates endured these tribulations as a matter of course. Members of their families are spread through each and every faction. Pres-

asures of every kind—personal, financial, and psychological—are brought to bear upon them. Undoubtedly sincere patriots in the cause of Palestine, they have lived through truly bitter times. At this point, could those present really still believe in Arafat's armed struggle? Does he himself believe in it?

The armed struggle, these delegates very well know, has primarily afflicted the Palestinians themselves. Since 1967 it has left in its wake no fewer than 100,000 deaths—and possibly two or three times as many—in the three countries of Lebanon, Jordan, and Syria. Not swept under the carpet, but into the graveyard, the Palestinian nation has been decimated in the most dreadful literal sense. To escape this armed struggle, many tens of thousands have fled to the Gulf, to North and South America, to Australia, to the ends of the earth.

"The Zionist enemy" against whom the armed struggle

is supposedly directed has suffered only secondarily. At most 10,000 Israelis have been killed in the same period. Where Israel is concerned, the armed struggle has been entirely counterproductive for the Palestinians. The P.L.O. claims to fear Zionist expansion, but it has brought about—indeed, guaranteed—that very expansion by providing every pretext and justification for the prolonged Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza.

In these circumstances, the members of the Palestine National Council were depressed. Morbidity was in the air. According to reports, the deputy speaker revealed that the mother of two sons killed in the cause had visited Arafat in his hotel to reproach him "with abandoning us in the middle of the road," and he concluded, "We all began to cry." This was the emotional prelude to one of those bizarre stage-managed maneuvers, whereby Arafat went through the motions of resigning, only to be led by his

A HAND FOR KHOMEINI

Below are excerpts from a Kuwaiti reporter's conversation with Yasir Arafat early this summer, published in *Keyhan*, a Persian newspaper based in London, on July 5, 1984. The active involvement of Al Fatah (the putative "moderate" wing of Palestinian irredentism) in Khomeini's Islamic fundamentalist revolution has previously been noted by scholars and other observers; it was also proudly cited in Palestinian and pro-P.L.O. circles as a sign of Al Fatah's fitness for armed struggle. Even then, however, it was embarrassing to some of Arafat's pivotal partisans, and particularly to his anti-clerical Marxist and Arab and non-Arab Christian supporters. How seriously could one take Arafat's assurances of his secular intentions when he had just helped pave the way to power of a millennialist Muslim fanatic? It is especially interesting and revealing that even at this late date Yasir Arafat still sees his own, however exaggerated, contribution to this most bloody and brutal revolution as a credential.

THE EDITORS

Once again, the smile of confidence comes back to Arafat's face; Arafat—yesterday's legendary fighter, the refugee politician of today. It seems that decades have passed since the dark days of his expulsion from Beirut by the Israelis and from Lebanon

by the Syrians. Arafat, with a great deal of self-confidence, is looking forward to the day that he calls "The Day of Fate" in the history of the life of the struggle and suffering of the four million Palestinians.

When Arafat is asked about Khomeini, a bitter smile appears on his lips. The meaning of this smile is that Arafat has lost all hope in Khomeini. In Arafat's opinion, Khomeini is the prime example of ingratitude. He never learned the manly way of returning other people's favors. Khomeini, in Arafat's opinion, uses people; the moment he no longer needs them, he discards them.

Today Khomeini is facing the people who supported him and brought him to power. Arafat claims that the Palestinian guerrillas had an effective role in overthrowing the Shah. The Al Fatah organization, he says, had direct responsibility for training many of the guerrillas who supported Khomeini. The guerrillas are the same people who at the very beginning of the revolution were involved in the street skirmishes. They were the ones who set the fires and did the greatest sabotage in Tehran and in other cities in Iran.

At the time of the revolution, Palestinian commandos helped the Iranians in the formation and organization of the Revolutionary Guards. Palestinian commandos were the ones who executed dozens of the leaders of the Shah's army. Most of the Islamic committees were formed under the direct supervision and ad-

vice of Al Fatah specialists sent to Tehran. Arafat refused to divulge how many guerrillas were sent to Tehran for sabotage, but according to information obtained from reliable sources, from November 1978 onward more than 300 Palestinian commandos were sent to Iran to carry out their various assignments. These people were among the vanguards of armed attacks against the army and the police stations.

Arafat was the first foreign political figure who was officially invited by the Khomeini regime to visit Iran. When Arafat visited him, Khomeini greeted him warmly. He embraced him and, as he was kissing Arafat's forehead, called him his son and beloved. The Palestinian leader was entertained in Tehran as if he were a national hero. Sanjabi, one of the early leaders of the revolution, while he was greeting and welcoming Arafat, stated, "You will be written in the history of our country as a brother, as a friend. You will have a special place just for yourself."

Arafat declared that he is looking for the proper opportunity to make public the details of the Palestinians' role in bringing Khomeini to power. He went on to say that "when that time comes, I will speak out and the world will know that Khomeini could not have come to power without us, and that he could not have existed on his own without our support. He would still be living in exile today."

friends back to the rostrum and reinstated amid shouts of "You are our only leader." Under the cover of diplomacy, the armed struggle is to continue—the wind carries the empty slogan away across a desert entirely of the P.L.O.'s making.

THE WHOLE performance has something ghostly about it. Armed struggle, never a realistic option in the first place, was brought to a final halt as a result of events in Lebanon. In 1982 Israel drove the P.L.O. out of southern Lebanon. In the following year, Syria cleared the remnants from the rest of the country, in the process bringing under allegiance Abu Musa and other senior P.L.O. officers and an estimated 6,000 men. Abu Musa and his sizable minority were said to be disaffected with Arafat. They were allowed no choice in the matter. They have been absorbed as a regular unit under Syrian military discipline, and they will be heard of again whenever President Hafez Assad of Syria has some role for them to fulfill on his behalf. Under his iron fist, there is already another unit of comparable strength, the Palestine Liberation Army, which was spun off from the P.L.O. in an earlier split, and then skillfully deployed to spearhead the Syrian invasion of Lebanon in 1976. Speaking practically, Arafat is one leader and Abu Musa another, whatever the delegates in Amman may chant. Listening to them, Arafat may well have wondered how many had already made their peace with Assad, and would defect to the Syrian camp at the opportune moment.

It is P.L.O. insistence on armed struggle that has brought the policies of Syria and Israel into unnatural convergence. As though in some horrible Euclidean proposition, the two mutually incompatible governments are as one in their approach to a third party that provoked them both. It is an irony, to say the least, that Syria and Israel alike refused permission for P.L.O. delegates under their rule to attend the meeting in Amman. (Although it can be argued that Israel would have been wiser to let the delegates from the West Bank go and witness Arafat's incoherence and draw their own conclusions.)

Confronted with violence, even though now only at the rhetorical level, Israel cannot change policy. Syria, however, is in a more complex position. The threat of being propelled by the P.L.O. into open fighting with Israel is now past. The political prospect that the P.L.O. might align itself with King Hussein of Jordan is hardly less disagreeable to Syria. Assad may have his Abu Musa, but he would not want Hussein to have his Arafat. In the event of Jordan and the Palestinians combining to negotiate some sort of resolution for the future of the West Bank and Gaza, Syria would be isolated.

Since 1967 Syria has been accustomed to using Arafat and the Palestine cause for its own ends. According to the twists and turns of the day, P.L.O. members have been taken from barracks or committees straight to Syrian prisons or even the execution chamber. Assad has been a master at building Syrian strength upon Palestinian weakness. The Palestine issue has provided Syria with leverage

over Israel, without which it would be at a disadvantage, if ever the two countries were to negotiate over the Golan Heights.

Granted that nothing beneficial is to be expected from Syria, a Palestinian leader might have been expected to ally himself unreservedly with Jordan. In the aftermath of 1983, Arafat had several conversations with King Hussein, but these proved unsatisfactory. The ambitions of the P.L.O. and of Jordan cannot be reconciled. The P.L.O. will not settle for less than independent status for the West Bank and Gaza; and while King Hussein hopes to recover these lands, which were his between 1948 and 1967. Less ruthless than Assad, but patient in his way, the King is also prepared to use Arafat and the P.L.O. to recover territory—for his sake, not theirs, as specified by U.N. Resolution 242.

King Hussein took the opportunity of the P.N.C. meeting in his capital to inform Arafat that Jordan and Egypt were about to coordinate a political approach to the Palestine issue. After Camp David, the two countries broke off diplomatic relations, but they have lately been restored. Rather pointedly, Hussein flew to Cairo on the day that the P.N.C. held its final session. No less pointedly, President Mubarak at the same time summoned to Cairo the foreign editor of *The London Jewish Chronicle* to inform him that he would resume talks "on condition that there would be both Jordanian and Palestinian participation." The United States is to act as intermediary.

Arriving in Cairo, King Hussein could hardly wait to repeat his well-known criticism of the Camp David agreement. To judge by past performance, it is unlikely that the King and Mubarak will be able to agree on a coordinated policy along the lines of the Reagan plan, which alone would win American backing. But if they manage to do so, Israel might face a moment of truth about the West Bank and Gaza.

Deprived of a base, his forces split, his remaining men virtually disarmed, cut off from Syria, and dragged along behind Hussein and Mubarak whether he likes it or not, Arafat still managed to appeal to Abu Musa and others to return to the fold, and to close ranks in the armed struggle. In striking contrast, the P.L.O.'s executive committee, consisting of Arafat's closest friends, has been empowered to study the proposals of King Hussein and Mubarak. Facing both ways like this is nothing new for Arafat, but it maximizes confusion and demoralization among his people. Will fantasy collapse at the touch of reality, and Arafat suddenly find himself in a comfortable villa on a foreign shore, with the likes of Idi Amin and the Emperor Bokassa? As for the Palestinian masses, so far they have not been allowed to decide for themselves whether a little injustice might not be preferable to chaos without end.

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

David Pryce-Jones writes regularly about the Middle East and is the author of *The Face of Defeat: Palestinian Refugees and Guerrillas* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston).

Armed with good intentions, the bishops take on capitalism.

PERILS OF THE PROPHET MOTIVE

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

HAVING PRONOUNCED on the beginning of life (birth control and abortion) and on the end of life (nuclear weapons), America's Catholic bishops have now turned their attention to life's middle. The subject of their most recent pastoral letter is economics. More specifically, as a committee of lay Catholics (chaired by William Simon and Michael Novak) makes plain in a challenging dissent to the bishops, the subject is capitalism.

The first thing to strike an outsider about this intra-Catholic debate is the language. It takes time before one realizes that "co-creation" is a theological synonym for production (capitalism being, I suppose, the system of private ownership of the means of co-creation). It seems odd to find the Incarnation invoked to shore up the case for federalism. Or to hear one side of a debate on economics talk of the "true sanctity" of "discipleship in the midst of work," and the other to venture the view that "the gate to creativity is narrow and the way straight."

Of course, this is not the first time that an argument about capitalism has been couched in esoteric language. Its original critic (and coiner of the term) embedded his prose in an equally thick fog of German Idealism. But in the end we all learned to translate Marx.

With a similar act of translation, the crux of the disagreement between the bishops and the lay committee becomes clear. It is not quite that one side condemns capitalism while the other celebrates it, although that is the tone of the documents. It is more that the bishops are concerned with the failings of capitalism, and the lay committee with its successes. Given capitalism's historical record, it is not surprising that the laity have the better of it. One need not belabor the point. Few systems of political economy have been able to feed the vast majority of their people or give them liberty. Democratic capitalism has done both. Even according to the bishops' narrow criterion for judging all economic institutions—"the preferential option for the poor"—democratic capitalism has been uniquely successful.

But beyond accounting for capitalism's achievements, the lay letter delicately assigns to any Catholic critique of capitalism a historical, and therefore an ironic, context. After all, the Catholic Church is one of those "privileged concentrations of power, wealth, and income" of which the bishops' letter takes such a dim view. The American Church in particular has achieved that position of wealth and power thanks to the surpluses generated by capitalism, and the liberty to dispose of those surpluses which democratic capitalism bestows on citizens. Moreover, Ca-

tholicism's historical record as a frame for economic development is not particularly encouraging. One has only to compare Protestant North America to Catholic South and Central America, or Quebec (before it declericalized itself in the 1960s) to the rest of Canada, to make the point gently. No one has yet accused the Catholic ethic of being a source of economic dynamism.

This is not, of course, to say that Catholicism stands refuted. Religion has other purposes. But it is to say that if a religious hierarchy decides to *make* one of its purposes a prescriptive analysis of how society is to produce and distribute wealth, that hierarchy, mindful of its own history, might proceed with a touch of humility. That quality is difficult to find in the bishops' letter.

Still, the absence of humility would hardly be an issue had the bishops simply delivered a prophetic message about society's responsibility for the widow and the orphan. Isaiah was not a retiring man. A contemporary reiteration of his message, while not particularly novel, would be important, especially in a political economy founded on the principle of self-interest. But in this age of Poland, Chile, and liberation theology—an age in which the Church is making history throughout much of the world—the American bishops seem not content with prophecy. They insist on advocacy. They want the word made (or at least given) flesh. Hence the principal undertaking of the bishops' letter: to suggest how prophetic concern for the poor is to be put into practice in a modern industrial economy.

Now, prophets have a certain claim to arrogance. But when the prophetic message is accompanied by a social science analysis and a social program, one should take care that the tone of magisterial righteousness not envelop the entire enterprise. The bishops let that tone trickle down to the most contingent, debatable assertion. Moral philosophy and economic analysis entail radically different epistemologies. One would hardly know it from reading this document.

Enough about tone. What about content? Grant that the bishops refuse to yield the miter when they don economic hats. Thus doubly outfitted, do they have anything to say?

The bishops' mission is not merely to identify the failings of capitalism—unemployment, poverty, homelessness—but to diagnose them. The diagnosis suffers from two shortcomings. First and most obviously, their vision is narrowed by a routine acceptance of liberal assumptions about the causes of social problems. For example, they

WRAP UP YOUR HOLIDAY SHOPPING



with
THE NEW REPUBLIC

Give a Gift Subscription to **THE NEW REPUBLIC** at up to **33%** off the regular subscription rate. **66%** off the cover price. Your first gift—even if it's to yourself—is only \$48 for one full year (48 issues). Each additional gift is only \$32 per year. (That's \$16 off the regular rate, so it really pays to give more than one gift!)

This Year

Give The New Republic To:

- ☒ Your Mom and Dad
- ☒ Your Son and Daughter
- ☒ Your Aunt and Uncle
- ☒ Your Favorite Teacher
- ☒ Your Friends
- ☒ Your Doctor, Dentist, and Lawyer
- ☒ Your Senator and Congressman
(or woman)
- ☒ Your Local Library or Hospital
- ☒ and don't forget... Yourself!

SEND THE NEW REPUBLIC TO:

NAME

ADDRESS

APT #

CITY

STATE

ZIP

NAME

ADDRESS

APT #

CITY

STATE

ZIP

FROM

NAME

ADDRESS

APT #

CITY

STATE

ZIP

☐ My payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

Use an additional sheet of paper if necessary. Mail gift list to:

THE NEW REPUBLIC, P.O. BOX 955, FARMINGDALE, NY 11737

Add \$10 for Canadian orders, \$22 for foreign orders.

6405CH

THE NEW REPUBLIC

declare current rates of unemployment "morally unjustified," particularly when compared to the 3 or 4 percent that used to prevail at the peak of the business cycle. They discount the possibility that structural changes in the economy, rather than illiberal political choices, may have raised the level of "frictional" unemployment. Among the recent phenomena that might have contributed to this new condition, morally unjustified or not, are the expansion of the labor force with the influx of women; the constraining effect of the safety net—from Social Security to union rules to health and safety regulations—on capitalism's dynamism (and cruelty); and the vast dislocations in Western economies caused by OPEC's excise tax on energy. Which of these do the bishops propose to roll back?

SIMILARLY, in discussing poverty, they note its "feminization," but so scrupulous are they to avoid any hint of blaming the victim that they avoid the question of whether unwed mothers and absent fathers bear some responsibility for their poverty and that of their children. The cause of underclass misery is located variously in sexism, racism, lack of child care—all the usual liberal suspects, save inadequate birth control.

But the poverty of the bishops' analysis derives from more than mere narrowness of vision. It is due most of all to a profound naïveté. And naïveté of a particular kind: a belief in the power of good intentions, and an accompanying obliviousness to the intractability of certain problems, particularly problems that arise from the conflict of competing societal goods. Consider the plight of the homeless. The bishops ascribe this problem (and poverty and unemployment) to a lack of political will and a lack of an adequate theoretical framework. Any solution, they write, "must begin with the formation of a new cultural consensus that *all persons really do have rights in the economic sphere.*" (Emphasis bishops'.) Must it? People are not sleeping in doorways because "economic rights," unlike political rights, "do not hold [a] privileged position in the cultural and legal traditions of our nation." In fact, twenty-five years ago economic rights were, if anything, less enshrined than today, and there were no armies of grate-dwellers. There are today, largely as a result of one of the finest reformist impulses of the Kennedy years, the freeing of the mentally ill from the snakepits to which they had been consigned for a century. It was decided to restore liberty to these people. But with liberty necessarily comes a diminution of security. We have an epidemic of homelessness today not because we have yet to accept U.N. declarations on economic rights, but because of a perennial conflict between liberty and security, a conflict most acutely manifest in those people most vulnerable to the ravages of freedom. We can do more for the homeless by forcing them into shelters. We might do still more by forcing them back into institutions. Which shall it be? Perhaps in our reforming zeal we have chosen badly for these people. But choose we must. Even bishops have to choose.

The homeless are the extreme case. But they highlight a

chronic dilemma that government faces when trying to help the powerless and the weak. With protection comes dependence. With liberty comes the prospect of failure and, for those who fail, misery. That's the central problem of all welfare policy. If you give money to someone conditioned on his inability to make money on his own, you have created a disincentive to work. And when he begins to work and you at some point cut off his welfare (as you must, or else you are being unfair to other low-paid workers who have never laid claim to welfare), you have created more disincentive. It simply won't do imperiously to proclaim that welfare programs "should encourage rather than penalize gainful employment." Of course they should. But exactly how?

Perhaps there was a time when paradox could be defeated by proclamation. But this is not the age of miracles. And even if it were, an economic document is hardly the place to demand them. The bishops are not daunted: "Efforts to generate employment," they declare, "should be aimed specifically at bringing marginalized persons into the labor force; should give priority to long-term jobs; should produce goods and services needed by society; should be as economically efficient as possible; and should include both the private and public sectors." That would be nice, wouldn't it? In a helpful expansion they urge that "employment programs that generate jobs efficiently without entailing large expense and increased inflation should be emphasized." Another paradox, this time a Keynesian one, is banished. Why, even Jesse Helms would welcome a noninflationary employment policy. The interesting question, to use scientific parlance, is exactly what that policy would be.

THE BISHOPS' nontautological remedies are only slightly less disappointing. They amount to more Great Society programs, more foreign aid, and a hint of planning. Where have they been for twenty-five years? We now have a generation of experience with liberal social programs, and the bishops appear to have just discovered them. Not that social generosity has been a failure. Far from it. Its successes are many and of great significance. But the crisis of liberalism—and the consequent search for "new ideas"—comes from the realization that these remedies have reached the limits of their success. The structurally unemployed, the female-headed household, the homeless, the mentally ill—the very kinds of misery that concern the bishops—represent precisely those categories of chronic dependency that have proved resistant to Great Society cures. These are the residue cases. More of the same is not a program that offers much hope.

This is all the more true for the poor of the Third World. Even among the most internationally minded, the zeal for charitable handouts, for the soft-loan window at the World Bank, has waned. Experience has been cruel and unequivocal. Ten years ago to argue that foreign aid was actually retarding development in many Third World countries was eccentric. Today, even at the height of the sub-Saharan famine, one finds such views

on the front page of *The New York Times*.

Hunger in the world is not caused by "extractive" Western (or multinational) economic policies. And it will be improved only marginally by more positive assistance from the West. The bishops are surely right that such assistance remains a moral imperative: marginal improvement translates into many starving people saved. But they are wrong to imagine that it will have the slightest effect on the gap between rich and poor nations which they find so disturbing. (The problem, of course, is not the gap. If it were, that could quickly be solved by impoverishing the West—a perhaps unintended side effect of the new international economic order the bishops seem to favor. The real problem is how to lift the Ethiopias of the world out of poverty.) These countries are economic disaster areas primarily because of the actions of their elites: destroying indigenous food production with collectivization plans and low food prices designed to serve the city at the expense of the country (e.g., Tanzania); favoring white elephant prestige projects, often undertaken with Western aid; and importing cheap (sometimes free) foreign food that undercuts local farmers. South Africa and Zimbabwe have escaped famine not because white managers are smarter, and not because rain falls preferentially on

capitalist economies, but because economies subject to market discipline are self-corrective in a way that command economies can never be.

The experience of the West, and now of East Asia as well, suggests that capitalism is the most likely route to rapid development, and thus ultimately, if inconveniently, is *the* preferential option for the poor. But these are hardly lessons the bishops wish to learn. Capitalism, after all, is a system based on the vice of acquisitiveness. The bishops prefer to appeal to higher instincts, the spirit of "discipleship," the more selfless inclinations of man. This is an excellent basis for a sermon, but not a prudent principle on which to build an economy.

It is one thing for religious leaders to remind their politicians and parishioners of the prophetic duty to care for the poor. It is another thing when these prophets, armed with the authority of technical experts, produce an outline of exactly how that is to be undertaken in a complex political system. It is even worse when this analysis produces a call for repeal of the paradoxes of economic life, and for enactment of a spent political agenda. To have discovered liberalism and to have rediscovered the poor is perhaps an achievement for any ecclesiastical hierarchy. But it is no great contribution to American political discourse.

Was it an F.B.I. foul-up—or cover-up?

RAY DONOVAN'S LUCKY BREAK

BY ANTONY J. BLINKEN

THE TALE OF Labor Secretary Raymond J. Donovan's alleged ties to organized crime, which first surfaced during his confirmation hearings in January 1981, has inspired some colorful and disturbing news stories over the past several years. But there is another, equally shocking, side of the Donovan scandal, which has received scant scrutiny either within the press or among members of Congress, even though the evidence has been out in the open for the past eighteen months. The Federal Bureau of Investigation withheld information from and even lied to the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee (which was charged with approving the Donovan nomination), according to a thoroughly documented and little noticed report released last year by John P. Flannery II, former special counsel to the committee. Inexplicably, Flannery's findings—which have been verified for this article by numerous independent sources—were neither directly disputed by those accused of wrongdoings nor seriously addressed by the committee. Indeed, the offi-

cials involved have so far gotten away without so much as a reprimand. At best, the F.B.I.'s conduct represents gross ineptitude, and at worst, a sleazy cover-up. Flannery's report begs further action by the Senate to resolve unanswered questions and determine appropriate sanctions.

If the Labor Committee had been made aware of all of the information known to the F.B.I. at the time of the confirmation hearings, in all likelihood Donovan would not have been confirmed. The F.B.I. had files on at least three separate criminal investigations involving the New Jersey-based Schiavone Construction Company, of which Donovan was then co-owner and executive vice president (he is still a co-owner).

The first concerned a 1967 case, in which Schiavone made a \$13,000 payment, authorized by Donovan, to the Kantor Supply Company in New Jersey, a business that turned out to be a conduit for payoffs to organized crime figures and corrupt public officials. Donovan has claimed that the Schiavone Company paid Kantor to dump landfill

on property owned by Kantor. Yet Schiavone's books contain no record of the deal, and the dump Schiavone made after the payment to Kantor took place on land owned by the city of Newark. On his deathbed, Irving Kantor gave sworn testimony that he had provided the Schiavone Company with a blank invoice to make the payoff look legitimate. Newark Mayor Hugh Addonizio was convicted of extorting \$500,000 from another contracting concern in the case and sentenced to ten years in jail. No Schiavone company official was prosecuted.

The second investigation centered on Harry Gross, a labor boss in New York who was the subject of an F.B.I. grand jury investigation beginning in 1978. Donovan's company employed about 2,000 workers in a federally funded subway construction job, among them members of Teamsters Local 282 represented by Gross. According to testimony in the case, Gross demanded in 1977 that a Schiavone official agree to hire Gross's chauffeur as a "ghost employee" in order to ensure "labor peace" from the union. The official informed Donovan of the demand; soon thereafter, the chauffeur was hired for six months, although he did no work on the project. Gross was indicted in the case on federal charges of extortion and racketeering, and is still awaiting trial. No one at Schiavone has been charged.

The third investigation involved William Pellegrino Masselli; he is also the centerpiece of Bronx District Attorney Mario Merola's October indictment of Donovan for grand larceny, falsifying business documents, and defrauding the government. (See "The Set-Aside Scam," by Michael Oreskes, page 17.) Masselli, a self-described "soldier" in the Genovese organized-crime family, has been under investigation by the F.B.I. since the late '70s. The bureau was looking into his allegedly forcible takeover of a Schiavone subcontractor and the legitimacy of the minority business enterprise (M.B.E.) that he substituted as a new subcontractor for Schiavone. Donovan's company lent Masselli \$200,000 interest-free for Masselli's fledgling M.B.E.; the check was co-signed by Donovan. In a case unrelated to Donovan or Schiavone, Masselli was convicted in 1981 on charges of operating, through his meat wholesale company, what the F.B.I. called "the headquarters and nerve center for a sophisticated and highly organized hijacking and stolen property ring."

As part of its investigation of Masselli, the F.B.I. had obtained permission in 1978 to place a wiretap on Masselli's telephone. This bugging and several subsequent renewals required the authorization of F.B.I. Director William Webster. According to the Flannery report, the wiretaps produced at least six separate references to Donovan by name, including: Masselli's contention that he attended an unspecified social function with Donovan; his agreement to forward \$1,000 to Donovan for a political fund-raiser in Donovan's home; and a boast that he "gets along good" with Donovan. (According to sources familiar with an internal F.B.I. investigation, at least four fat books called "prosecution memos" which summarized all the evidence gathered in the Masselli case, including the

wiretaps, are missing from the bureau's New York field office and presumed destroyed. By most accounts, the disappearance of prosecution memos is unprecedented in the history of the F.B.I.) During his confirmation hearings, Donovan testified that he had "seen" Masselli no more than three times, and always "in passing, on the job site."

CLEARLY, at the time of Donovan's nomination, the F.B.I. had a good deal of information relating to these three investigations. As the self-described executive in charge of labor relations, Donovan was the Schiavone official most likely to be aware of his company's dealings with Gross and Masselli. But none of this information was passed along to the Senate confirmation committee, which found out about bits and pieces of Donovan's dubious past only after press accounts forced the F.B.I. and Reagan transition team officials—who had been made aware of some of the investigatory evidence—to inform the committee.

The bureau refused repeated requests to answer questions for this article. Nevertheless, a number of facts are easily ascertained. According to the Flannery report, the F.B.I.'s active involvement in the Donovan confirmation hearings began in December 1980, shortly after President-elect Reagan decided to nominate him as Secretary of Labor. Early that month, Fred Fielding, the Reagan transition team's ethics counsel, asked the F.B.I. to do a routine check on Donovan's background. The check apparently produced nothing. A few days later, following a meeting with Edwin Meese III, then Reagan's chief of staff, F.B.I. Director Webster widened the search to include all F.B.I. records. In a memo to F.B.I. Executive Assistant Director Francis M. Mullen—now head of the Drug Enforcement Administration—Webster reported that a check of "all our indices" and "all our field offices" had uncovered no suggestion of "any criminality or organized crime associations" on the part of Donovan. Yet such a search must have revealed Donovan's connection to the Kantor, Gross, and Masselli investigations.

Interestingly, Webster noted in his memo that the Schiavone Company appeared several times in the bureau's file on former Teamster president Jimmy Hoffa, who disappeared in 1975 and was presumed slain by the Mafia. Webster wrote that the link between Schiavone and the Hoffa case did not suggest that Donovan had ties to organized crime; yet he did not supply any information to support that claim. (In August 1982 Webster said that he had been misinformed about the Hoffa connection and could not remember where he had obtained the information.) On December 12, 1980, Meese called Webster "to be certain that there were no ongoing investigations involving Donovan." Webster told Meese there were none, and said he knew of "nothing to hold up the nomination process."

Reagan publicly announced Donovan's nomination on December 16. A few days later an article in the *New York Daily News* describing Donovan's connection to the Kantor

case alarmed the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, which was preparing to open hearings on the Donovan nomination. On December 31 Committee Chairman Orrin Hatch and ranking minority member Ted Kennedy wrote to Webster, requesting "a report immediately regarding all information the F.B.I. has already assembled" in the Donovan background investigation. They asked that any information the bureau had not yet obtained on Donovan be gathered immediately and provided by January 7, 1981. The F.B.I. did respond to the committee's request in a memorandum exclusively on the Kantor case, but the report prepared by agent Anthony Adamski—who, along with Mullen, testified before the Labor Committee—was incomplete and misleading. According to Flannery, it failed to note that Donovan had authorized the payment to Kantor, or that Kantor had sworn he had provided the Schiavone Company with a phony invoice. The memo also stated that the Schiavone Company had dumped landfill on property owned by Kantor, rather than by the city of Newark.

By January 5 the bureau had completed its routine background check on Donovan, but gave it to Fielding, not the Labor Committee—a perplexing move, considering that the committee had written to Webster specifically requesting all available reports on Donovan. The bureau said its check of Donovan's background was "favorable and complete." Paradoxically, the report noted that the F.B.I. was conducting an active investigation in the Gross case—a fact that should have come to light when Webster did his first check. But in its vague description of the case, the F.B.I. failed to say that Schiavone was allegedly one of the companies that Gross had extorted. The report made no mention of the Kantor or Masselli investigations, even though Adamski had already submitted his memo on Kantor to the committee. Given the vagueness of the report, Fielding apparently felt it did not merit the committee's attention.

Between January 8 and 11 several independent infor-

mants provided fresh allegations about Donovan to the F.B.I.'s New York office. The New York office's report quotes the informants as saying that Donovan had "close personal and business ties with known La Cosa Nostra [Mafia] figures" and had established a "dummy corporation for the purpose of laundering money." The sources, who had provided information to the bureau in previous cases, were considered reliable. The New York office undertook its own investigation of the Donovan files and sent a teletype to Washington, addressed to Mullen, which included the new allegations and mention of the

Masselli tapes. "Two independent sources of the New York division have advised that the Schiavone Construction Company, of which Mr. Donovan is executive vice president, is 'mobbed up.'" F.B.I. agent Adamski read the report and said during Flannery's investigation in August 1982 that he had been "concerned because this is not the type of information that normally develops in the background of a cabinet nominee." He added that the information was "pertinent," "certainly important," and represented "a significant turn in the [Donovan] investigation."

Adamski prepared a memo for Fielding containing most of this information and gave it to him on January 12, the day of Donovan's

appearance before the committee. Fielding did not provide the committee with a copy of the memo. Adamski testified during the Flannery investigation that Fielding made it clear, in the course of a January 11 telephone conversation, that he "did not want Mr. Donovan interviewed." A White House source notes that it is not standard procedure for the F.B.I. to interview cabinet nominees; but if the information was so "pertinent," it is difficult to understand why Fielding's curiosity was not aroused.

Thus by January 12, three days before the scheduled vote on Donovan, the Senate committee had two vague, misleading F.B.I. accounts of the Kantor and Gross cases; and no knowledge of the Masselli tapes, Webster's refer-



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

ence to Hoffa, or the series of allegations from independent informants on Donovan's ties to the Mafia.

On January 13 Hatch postponed the confirmation vote on Donovan, not because of any of the three F.B.I. investigations, but because of a new allegation. Ralph Picardo, a protected government witness involved in several federal organized crime prosecutions, contacted an F.B.I. field agent in New York after seeing Donovan's picture in a newspaper and recognizing him as "Ray," an official of the Schiavone Company. He alleged that Donovan had given him payoffs in the 1960s to "buy labor peace." Adamski and Mullen were informed, and immediately passed along the information to the committee. Sources speculate that the information was provided to the Senate because Picardo had notified the Justice Department as well as the F.B.I., which might have given the allegation to the Senate independently.

ON JANUARY 23 Hatch and the committee received the F.B.I.'s final report on Donovan. The document details the Picardo case; mentions some of the allegations that had been given to the New York division between January 8 and 10; alludes to Masselli but not the wiretaps; and ignores Kantor, Gross, and Hoffa. The F.B.I. had devoted most of its efforts to exploring the least substantial of the allegations against Donovan and had almost completely disregarded the more serious cases.

The F.B.I. was aware that important evidence about Donovan had not been brought to the attention of the Senate. On the day the report was submitted to Hatch, Mullen testified before the committee. In his interview, he was asked to describe the F.B.I.'s investigative effort regarding organized crime in the New York-New Jersey area; he mentioned the use of wiretaps.

Hatch: Your unit has investigated every one of these wiretaps and the information and data on them, and it is correct to say you have found absolutely nothing pertaining to the Schiavone Construction Company?

Mullen: That is correct, Senator. In each case when we do have a court authorized wiretap we must record the identity of every individual or company referred to. We maintained those records known as overhears, and we located no reference to Mr. Donovan or Schiavone Construction Company.

Hatch: Neither Mr. Donovan or Schiavone has been mentioned in any of these investigations?

Mullen: That is correct.

Later Hatch asked Mullen about Donovan's alleged ties to organized crime figures. "You have not found any evidence in that regard through your investigation?" Hatch inquired. "We have not," Mullen responded. Senators Dan Quayle and Kennedy asked similar questions, and received similarly negative answers. Donovan was confirmed by the Senate on February 3.

In short, Mullen lied to the Committee. In a *Washington Post* interview published on June 6, 1982, Mullen admitted that he "consciously" withheld the Masselli tape reference from the committee. "In my judgment," Mullen told the *Post*, "that conversation [from the wiretap] was not

pertinent." Mullen was subsequently approved by the Senate Judiciary Committee to become head of the Drug Enforcement Administration.

The *Post* interview prompted a pointed exchange between the F.B.I. and Fielding, with each blaming the other for the botched handling of the wiretap information and allegations about Donovan's mob connections. On June 9 Webster held a press conference and said that Fielding turned down an F.B.I. offer on January 11, 1981, to pursue allegations about Donovan's ties to the Mafia. Fielding tartly responded in a written statement released to the press that the allegations the F.B.I. forwarded to him did not include mention of the Masselli wiretap and were so vague that he did not believe the matter warranted the committee's attention.

All this finger-pointing was somewhat tardy; by now Donovan had been ensconced at the Labor Department for almost a year and a half. But one effect of the interview and its aftermath was Hatch's appointment of Special Counsel Flannery in July 1982 to examine the bureau's actions. While his investigation was underway, the Schiavone Company hired private detectives to investigate the investigators. During this period, one committee aide said he received a call ordering him to "stop messing with" Donovan; if not, the aide, his wife, and children would "end up in pine boxes."

Flannery became concerned over reports he was receiving about the Schiavone investigators; he met with Schiavone counsel Theodore Geiser and asked for assurances that the private detectives were not obstructing or impeding his investigation, using wiretaps, or illegally receiving confidential grand jury information pertinent to the Donovan case. "Geiser would not give me any such assurances," Flannery says. According to an article in the June 24 issue of *Time* magazine, Schiavone's head detective, Robert Shortley, met several times with Ed Hickey, an aide to President Reagan, to discuss how the Administration should handle the Donovan affair. Shortley admits he had "lunch" with Hickey several times but claims they never talked "strategy" about the Donovan case. Hickey refused to comment on the story.

DESPITE FLANNERY'S investigation, and periodic reports in the media, no one seems inclined to take the F.B.I. to task for protecting Donovan. Members of the Senate Labor Committee do not want to talk about the Donovan affair; one Senate staffer says the story "got lost in the [1984] election and nobody feels like bothering with it anymore." The consensus among the committee members seems to be that the report was sufficient. Given the damning findings, that attitude is difficult to understand—particularly on the part of Hatch, who so adamantly cross-examined Mullen and Adamski during Flannery's investigation.

The role of the Reagan transition team is also fuzzy. In theory, it was Fielding's job to provide the committee with information on Donovan gathered by the F.B.I. Further examination of the transition team's role is warranted. An

appropriate forum for such an investigation would be Meese's upcoming confirmation hearings as attorney general nominee.

The Senate Judiciary Committee ought to question Meese closely on two counts. First, as the former head of the Reagan transition team, Meese should be expected to present a convincing case that his staff had sufficient reason to disregard the F.B.I.'s sketchy reports on Donovan. Second, as the potential attorney general, whose job includes oversight of the F.B.I., he should be asked what steps he would take to investigate the bureau's failure to fully inform the committee about Donovan's background.

Technically, the F.B.I. did not break any laws: there are no legal requirements that the bureau provide information on a cabinet nominee to the Senate committee charged with confirmation, and Mullen was not under oath when he lied to the Labor Committee. Still, the bureau's conduct broke the unwritten laws of honesty and good faith. The jury is still out on the Donovan case, but two things at least

are clear: even if Donovan committed no crimes, the F.B.I. had numerous independent allegations, and even strong evidence, about his ties with known mobsters; and the F.B.I., possessing this information, did not give most of it to the Senate. To avoid a repeat of the Donovan fiasco, the Senate should require by statute that the F.B.I. provide all the information it has on a given nominee to the appropriate confirmation committee, as Flannery has suggested.

The F.B.I. has conducted background checks of cabinet nominees by executive order since the Eisenhower Administration. In this capacity, it is instructed to determine that "all persons privileged to be employed in the departments and agencies of the government shall be reliable, trustworthy, of good conduct and character, and of complete and unswerving loyalty to the United States." Given full information, the Senate Labor Committee would most likely have found that Donovan did not live up to that standard. Based on its conduct during the Secretary of Labor's confirmation hearings, neither did the F.B.I.

Corruption and quotas in the construction industry.

THE SET-ASIDE SCAM

BY MICHAEL ORESKES

ON OCTOBER 2, 1984, Raymond J. Donovan, the U.S. Secretary of Labor, sat in a New York courtroom, the first incumbent cabinet member ever to be indicted. The charges read against him—"grand larceny," "filing false instruments," "falsifying business records"—added up to a general allegation of a new kind of corruption. Donovan, the chief enforcer of the nation's labor laws, stood accused of participating in a scheme in the late 1970s to evade "set-aside" laws that are designed to give blacks, Hispanics, and other minorities a share of government construction business. Donovan had committed "a fraud on the minorities of New York," said the Bronx District Attorney, Mario Merola.

The charges against Donovan are now the subject of intense pre-trial maneuvering. Donovan, who has taken a leave of absence from his cabinet post, has pleaded innocent. He has also denounced Merola, contending that the Democratic prosecutor was engaging in a pre-election witch-hunt. But whatever the judicial outcome, one thing is clear. Donovan, along with his partner in the construction business and eight others, has been charged with a

crime that has become widespread in the construction industry throughout the United States.

What has ended in corruption began in hope. Set-aside programs originated in the 1960s, when the civil rights movement sought to bring more minorities into construction unions and companies. Historically the industry had few blacks either as workers or in management, and entrenched racism made it difficult for blacks to break in. Proponents of set-asides argued that guaranteeing minority-owned contractors a share of government contracts would both enable minority firms to compete in the marketplace and provide jobs for minorities.

In 1969 President Nixon issued an executive order urging government agencies to set aside business for minority contractors. Construction set-asides were later written into the 1977 Public Works Act and other laws. White-owned firms in New York City, lead by a contractor named Earl Fullilove, brought suit against Philip Klutznik, the Secretary of Commerce under President Carter, saying that the department's set-aside programs were unfair to whites. In one of its most important recent civil rights rulings, the Supreme Court in 1980 ruled 6 to 3 in *Fullilove v. Klutznik* that Congress did have the power to use race as a criteria for awarding federal contracts.

Michael Oreskes is the Albany bureau chief of *The New York Times*.

The *Fullilove* ruling resulted in the proliferation of set-aside programs. What are known in bureaucratese as Minority Business Enterprise (M.B.E.) programs are now scattered through federal, state, and local law. They require that government-funded projects reserve a certain portion of the work (usually 10 percent) for firms owned by minorities or women. The Federal Highway Administration alone estimates that nearly \$1 billion in highway contracts were set aside for companies owned by minorities and women last year. There are billions more in contracts for subways, hospitals, schools, waterworks, and other public construction projects.

The Donovan case is but one example of how set-aside programs have become plagued with allegations of fraud. In many cases, blacks, Hispanics, and other minority groups are being given construction contracts in name but not in fact. The New Jersey Transportation Department announced on November 29 that it had disqualified almost a fourth of the 200 companies doing state road work as minority or women's businesses, after an investigation determined that many were fronts for white male owners. According to three U.S. Department of Transportation audit reports completed in September but not yet publicly released, about half of the minority-owned contractors on federal highway projects in New England, Oklahoma, and Arkansas between 1982 and 1984 were "ineligible or questionable." In 1982 a grand jury in San Francisco found that \$5 million in subcontracts for work on a post office facility was awarded to what the jurors described as bogus minority firms. In 1980 a group of white businessmen in Detroit joined with a black real estate broker who is also a close friend of Mayor Coleman Young to set up a sludge trucking firm. They named as the firm's president a convicted con artist who had defrauded a federal food program in Mississippi and who knew nothing about sludge or trucking, but who is black. The group passed off the dummy firm as 100 percent black-owned and won municipal sludge-hauling contracts.

"It's very disheartening," said Herbert Hill, who as national labor director of the N.A.A.C.P. in the 1960s played a central role in developing the set-aside concept and getting it written into federal law. "What had a tremendous potential has been largely negated as a result of the corruption." Some critics of set-aside programs, such as New York Mayor Ed Koch—who refuses to use racial set-asides in city contracts—argue that the problems are proof of the fundamental problem of using goals or quotas to achieve integration. Others, like Hill, who is now a professor at the University of Wisconsin, insist that set-aside programs can help to overcome the effects of past discrimination. But almost everyone agrees the programs were loosely conceived and have been laxly managed, tangled in red tape, and badly enforced.

INVESTIGATORS SAY that a variety of techniques have developed for subverting the intent of the programs. Sometimes a black is placed at the head of a firm that is in fact controlled by whites so that the white-owned firm can

compete for the contracts set aside for minorities. At other times legitimate minority-owned firms become partners with larger white firms that effectively control the work—and the profits. In some cases, a minority "broker" allows his name to be used for a fee so that work being handled by white companies will appear to belong to a minority contractor. "The intent of the program was to encourage development and mainstreaming of minority contractors," said a federal official who has investigated fraud in set-aside programs. "That wasn't actually happening. After the project was over, you wouldn't have a minority contractor in any better shape to perform the job than he had been before."

It is often difficult to show that laws are being broken. A white firm can legitimately form a partnership with a minority firm, and sometimes these partnerships have successfully helped minority firms expand. But investigators say it is often hard to tell the difference between a partnership that is in fact expanding opportunity for minorities and one in which the minority partners are simply fronting for white contractors.

The fakery used to exploit minority set-aside programs has produced some bizarre and almost comical episodes. In Brooklyn, for example, a woman who supposedly headed a paving company had to consult her husband, a contractor, every time investigators questioned her about street repair projects. In Buffalo the black president of an electrical contracting firm working on the city's new commuter rail system did not even know the name of his foreman. Investigators said that the firm he headed was actually controlled by a white-owned company that was ostensibly a subsidiary of the firm. No violation of the law was found.

THE CASE of Donovan, though more spectacular than most, is clearly not atypical. Prosecutor Merola says that since indicting Donovan, he has received calls from public officials in New York and neighboring states telling him about similar problems.

Before he became Labor Secretary, Donovan, a supporter of and fund-raiser for President Reagan, was the co-owner of a New Jersey construction company which bears the name of his partner, Ronald Schiavone. In the late 1970s Schiavone aggressively pursued and won contracts for the construction of a subway tunnel under the East River from Manhattan to Queens. This \$600 million project, which is still underway, was paid for largely out of federal mass transit funds. When Congress appropriated those funds, it included a requirement that 10 percent of each contract go to the minority-owned businesses. Donovan and his colleagues are charged with fraudulently fulfilling that requirement.

One of the major subcontracts for the subway project was the job of hauling rocks away from the site. Originally Schiavone hired a man named Louis Nargi to do this work. But Nargi, to use the words of one investigator, was "evicted" by organized crime figures who ultimately killed one of his partners. Nargi then quit the business.

His company was replaced by a firm created specifically for taking over the hauling subcontract. The firm was also apparently created to take advantage of set-aside business. The new company was known as Jopel Construction: "Jo" for Joseph Galiber, a popular state senator from the Bronx, who is black, and "pel" for William Pellegrino Masselli, a reputed organized crime figure who ran drug and hijacking operations from a Bronx meat company (and thus earned the sobriquet, "Billy the Butcher").

Jopel was officially designated by the state as a Minority Business Enterprise project. Schiavone reported that the firm was doing \$12 million worth of work—not quite 7 percent of the \$180-million total contract. But Merola charges that with Jopel on the job, Schiavone submitted phony records to inflate the amount of work that appeared to be going to minorities. Prosecutors say that most of the trucks and earth movers Jopel used on the construction site were actually owned by Schiavone. Thus two-thirds of the \$12 million that Schiavone claimed was going to Jopel wound up going right back to Schiavone to pay for leasing the equipment. Jopel, whose offices were located in Masselli's meat plant, received the other \$4 million. Galiber and Masselli were indicted along with Donovan, and they too have pleaded not guilty.

DEDEFENDERS OF set-asides argue that the Donovan case, with its alleged minority business enterprise scams, proves the impossibility of trying to bring about reform in an industry with a reputation, especially in the New York-New Jersey area, for pervasive corruption. There is a measure of truth in this position. But the case illustrates something larger as well: it is an example of social reform gone awry.

Even the sponsors of set-aside programs admit this. "The M.B.E. program is a form of social engineering to achieve public policy goals," the Commission of Investigation, which monitors corruption and abuses in New York State's government agencies, said in a report last summer. But the commission described the M.B.E. program, as it is currently managed, as policy without follow-through, intent without execution. The commission concluded that "The state must always take the lead in such programs. A small group of the state's business community, in this case construction contractors and suppliers, should not be expected to manage a social program. Rather, it is up to the state to establish the program and the method and manner through which contractors must comply."

The contractors, for their part, complain that the set-aside rules were handed down from Washington with little notion as to how they would work in the real world. In New York, for example, the same 10 percent rule may apply in Ithaca, where there are few blacks, and Brooklyn, where there are many. Some industry leaders complain that even when they try to meet the set-aside rules, they cannot always find enough minority-owned firms to do the job. They say that evading the rules is necessary in order to get the job done. William J. Cirman, a white contractor in Rochester, says that the government is "put-

ting in M.B.E. programs that are not viable programs in the industry with quotas that cannot be met, because there aren't enough M.B.E.s to do the work."

Cirman's solution, according to New York's Investigation Commission, was to create a firm named the B. T. Brown Construction Company. B. T. Brown is Booker T. Brown, a black man who has worked for twenty-five years as a laborer and foreman for Cirman's company. Brown was made president of B. T. Brown, but Cirman put up all the money, and provided all the management and administrative services, offices, equipment, insurance, and record keeping. The commission reported that Brown's only contribution was his own labor, the same work he did as an employee for Cirman. On paper Brown owned 55 percent of the company and Cirman owned 45 percent. In reality, ownership meant nothing because all revenues were used to pay bills or were automatically passed along to Cirman. Cirman freely acknowledged the company was set up to "meet the M.B.E. quotas so that we would be a viable contractor for bidding on work."

Herbert Hill and other civil rights activists scoff at the notion that legitimate minority contractors cannot be found. "They are not evenly distributed across all trades and geographical areas. But they are there, and it is possible to put together consortiums [of minority contractors]. If the government and the industry really wanted to do it, they could do it. If they're having any problem have them call me," Hill says. In Hill's view, this claim is just the latest in a series of efforts to prevent integration of the industry. He says minority contractors pose a threat to white-owned firms in at least two ways. If the firms aren't unionized (and many smaller contractors are not), they undermine the basic power of unions to control the work force. As they grow bigger, they can compete directly with white firms that originally sustained them with subcontracts—unless, of course, the white firms actually control them.

No one disputes Hill's claim that there are legitimate black construction firms. The question is whether there are enough to do all of the set-aside business required by law. In 1977, the last year for which a completed survey is available, there were 52,000 minority-owned construction companies—or 4.7 percent of the nation's 1.1 million construction companies—and they brought in 2.9 percent of all receipts in the construction business. How are 4.7 percent of all construction companies going to do 10 percent of the dollar amount of government construction?

DONOVAN'S INDICTMENT has dramatized the set-aside problem, but abuse of set-aside programs has been evident since their inception more than a decade ago. Previous findings were either ignored or dealt with as individual cases and not as indications of a widespread problem. In 1981 the Commerce Department issued a series of audits documenting failures in the set-aside programs under the Carter Administration's public works projects. The findings were given to local prosecutors. "We were told they lacked jury appeal," one Commerce

Department official recalls. The findings were also sent to the relevant committees of Congress and other government agencies: they were promptly forgotten. The Transportation Department—which dispenses billions of dollars in construction money covered by set-asides—completed its still unreleased audits in September. Yet when James Benson, the author of the three audit reports, was asked if his department had drawn any lessons from the earlier Commerce Department findings, he replied, “I’ve never heard of those.”

IT IS DIFFICULT to find anyone who is fully satisfied with the workings of the set-aside programs, but equally difficult to find anyone with the political will to change them. As the New York Investigation Commission put it:

Contractors look upon M.B.E. programs as a cost of doing business—which it passes along to the government in bids. Some, though not all, government employees who monitor M.B.E. programs appear to be content with their jobs and did not wish to “make waves,” always feeling they could plead inadequate regulations or staff as problems developed. Minority members and contractors often go along willingly with contractors who abuse the system—either because they do not know better or to keep their job or for a price.

The mounting evidence of abuse has prompted the realization that much tougher government enforcement and coordination are needed to make the set-aside programs really work. The general approach in New York, as in other states, has assumed that tougher enforcement, more vigilant scrutiny, and simpler rules can produce more effective programs. The New York State Investigation Commission recommended “a radical overhaul” of the administration of set-aside programs. The commission said that an intensified effort must be made to distinguish between legitimate and illegitimate minority contractors. The federal Transportation Department audit recommended in its audit of highway programs that the states, which generally administer federally financed construction projects, adopt more stringent and more consistent rules for determining whether firms are really owned by blacks. Companies must show that they are 51 percent black owned and that blacks have a real interest in their success. The auditors also advised the states to review their current lists of firms that have already been accepted as legitimately minority owned. These lists, often compiled with less than exacting criteria, contain the names of thousands of firms.

But tougher enforcement and simpler rules are not enough to convince skeptics that set-aside programs can be made to work. Mayor Koch argues that there is “a fundamental philosophical flaw” in the M.B.E. programs, which leads to corruption. “I do not believe that we should ever have programs based on race, religion, or sex,” Koch says. Race is the very requirement, he believes, that creates the need for a significant enforcement apparatus that has not done the job up to now. Rather than tighten enforcement, Koch says the government should remove the cause of the problem and abandon racial set-asides.

In projects paid for totally by the city, Koch has institut-

ed a set-aside program based on neighborhood rather than race. The city requires that a portion of the construction work be reserved for contractors from neighborhoods that are deemed to be economically “deprived.” The mayor says that in the end, nearly half the contractors turn out to be minorities anyway. “Why do it [rely on racial set-asides] when what we are doing strikes down discrimination and doesn’t start a new discrimination?” But Koch’s program was only started in 1982, and all but one of the contracts awarded under it have been for less than \$1 million. It may well be that if the neighborhood set-aside notion were applied to much larger contracts, it would then be worthwhile for someone like Billy the Butcher to set up a sham firm in an economically deprived area. Koch says his set-aside program has fewer enforcement problems because it is easier for government to determine where a company does its business than to determine the race of its real owners.

Koch has allies at the Heritage Foundation, the right-wing think tank influential with the Reagan Administration. In a report recently distributed to all cabinet members, the foundation recommended that all federal programs setting aside business or contracts for members of minority groups be abolished. No decisions have yet been reached about the fate of set-asides in the second Reagan term.

So the advocates of set-aside programs find themselves on the political defensive. Successful set-asides are an exception rather than the rule. The ones that work at all have combined tougher scrutiny of companies with more flexible requirements that try to relate the percentage requirements for hiring minority contractors to the number of contractors actually available in the area. New York State, for example, has established more flexible set-aside rules on some of its construction projects. In contracting work on the new Convention Center in midtown Manhattan, the set-asides ranged from 0 to 30 percent depending on the industry. The Investigation Commission concluded that although “there were some questionable” firms, the Convention Center set-asides “had provided some assistance to many [minority] firms which otherwise would not have an opportunity to participate in a publicly funded project of this size.”

THE ENFORCEMENT of civil rights efforts have often required considerable governmental powers. Without that power it is clear that intransigence and greed will continue to make a mockery of the set-aside concept in the construction industry. Those debating the merits of quotas, in courtrooms and on editorial pages, generally assumed that quotas would do what they were intended to do. The question was not whether the government could force integration with quotas but whether it was right to do so. Today the issue is different. The racial quotas of set-aside laws are failing. Supporters of set-asides have won the political battle in Congress and the legal battle before the Supreme Court, only to find that the toughest fight of all is on the construction site. □

TOOLS FOR LIVING®

A COLLECTION OF FIRST CLASS CONTEMPORARY MAILORDER PRODUCTS

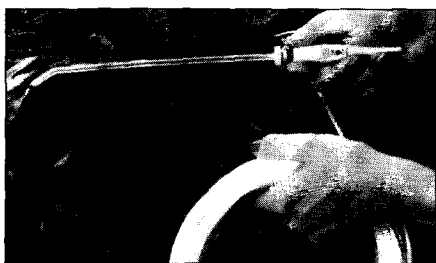
When was the last time you learned the ins and outs of a product from a sales clerk? Tools for Living gives you high information value shopping. The products here have been researched, used and evaluated carefully and we provide all the relevant information. You can buy with the confidence of knowing exactly what you are getting — high quality, good value and satisfaction guaranteed.

DEEP HEAT RELIEF



Heating pads and hot water bottles mainly warm the surface of the skin — their heat does not penetrate deep into muscles and joints. Infrared heat goes deep beneath the skin to reach the actual site of inflammation and discomfort. It has been used for years by doctors and therapists, in place of medication, to gain natural relief of pain. Now there is a home unit, the Infralux, that allows you to apply infrared heat yourself, as often as you like. Fast (5-10 minutes), effective relief of pain from sinus headache, arthritis, bursitis, backache, neuralgia, sprains, muscular aches and pains. Perfectly safe to use. Hi/low settings. 6" long. Plugs in normal household outlet. Comes with carry case for **\$45.00** (\$3.95) #A1175. Why take medications when you can get natural pain relief?

HOUSE HOSE



Do your houseplants run you ragged, back and forth, trip after trip, watering can in hand? What you need is an indoor garden hose to water them all in a single trip. The 50' House Hose lets you take a splashless stream of water where you want it, with on/off and adjustable flow control right at the handle. Separate misting attachment. This improved House Hose comes with dripless adapters to fit most kitchen or bathroom faucets. Special hose tends to recoil after use, simplifying put-away. The House Hose costs just **\$14.00** (\$2.95) #A1254, two for **\$25.00** (\$3.95) #A12542. It makes watering as simple as turning on your faucet.

LUXURIOUS LAMBSWOOL

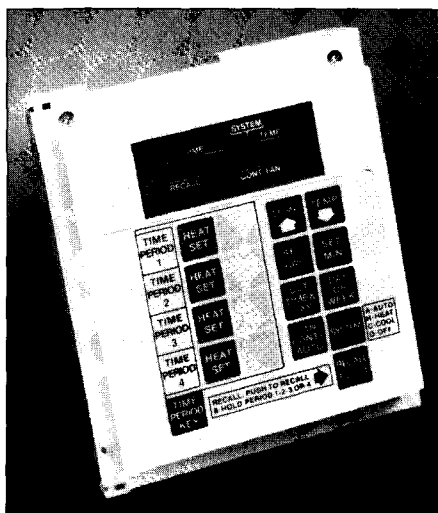
There is simply no sensation like it — the luxuriously comfortable feeling you get sleeping on a pure wool fleece underblanket. The deep springy pile molds to your body and distributes weight more evenly. The natural insulating qualities of wool help you sleep cooler and drier in summer, warmer in winter. Most people find within a few nights that they are sleeping



better, more restfully than ever before. Our SuperSleeper is imported from New Zealand, and goes *under* your bottom sheet. Twin: **\$119.00**

(\$8.95) #A1180. Full: **\$149.00** ((\$10.95) #A1181. Queen: **\$179.00** (\$11.95) #A1182. King: **\$219.00** (\$12.95) #A1183.

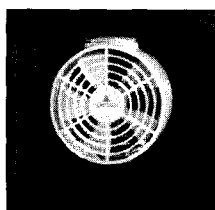
THERMOSTAT THAT THINKS YEAR-ROUND



The average homeowner can save up to 25% a year on home cooling costs, 30% a year on heating costs. What it requires is coordinating air cooling and heating with actual patterns of use. The best expert helper you can find for this temperature-management task is the computerized Jade Thermostat Control. A built-in micro-processor lets you program up to four different temperature settings a day with different schedules for weekdays and weekends. Changeover between heating and cooling modes is automatic. Combined heat/cool setting range extends from 35° to 98°. Easy manual override if your normal schedule is interrupted. Continuous time and temperature display. Battery backup holds program 2 weeks should power fail. Homeowner installation takes approximately ½ hour (manufacturer offers toll-free advice if needed). Works with heat only and heat/cool systems, qualifies for Federal and State Energy Tax Credits, and costs **\$99.00** (\$4.95) #A1090. A companion model for two-stage heat pump installations costs **\$159.00** (\$5.95) #A1091. Three year warranty.

A FAN FOR ALL SEASONS

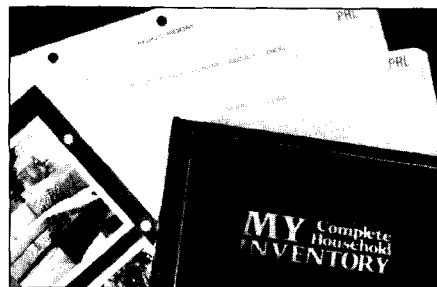
When you're using wood stoves or space heaters in winter or air conditioners in summer you're automatically creating "hot" and "cold" rooms. The trick is to disperse this



warm or cool air uniformly throughout your home. The Con-Serv room-to-room temperature balancing fan does the job efficiently, quietly, economically. This little fan mounts high in the frame of a doorway and directs and balances air flow. Doors can still be closed and a reversible doorframe mount provides optional air direction. The Con-Serv temperature balancing fan has a two-speed 110-volt motor with a 10-foot cord. Weighs just 2 lb. 3 oz. and measures 5½" x 5" x 3½". It costs **\$25.00** (\$4.95) #A1250. Two for **\$46.00** (\$6.95) #A12502.

HOUSEHOLD REGISTER

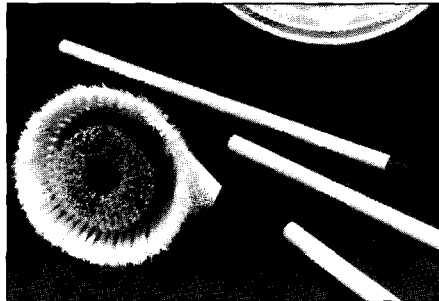
One of the first items to go in your home safe (or bank safe deposit box) is this household inventory register, which provides a record of personal property in the event of fire or theft. 100 pages of forms in handy ring binder allow you to record value and source of possessions for insurance purposes. Special sleeves have been included to hold up to 40 photographs. As the key to what you own, this 7" x 9" book could prove to be your *most* valuable possession. **\$29.00** (\$3.95) #A1237.



TOOLS FOR LIVING®

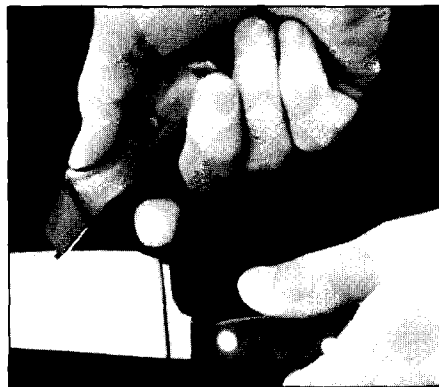
HIGHSPEED SCRUBBER

The Swirlon Rotary Scrubber turns an ordinary garden hose into an automatic cleaning machine. Water pressure spins the 5" inner brush for highspeed active cleaning while the 8" stationary outer brush contains the spray and sweeps away the loosened dirt. Brushhead adjusts to any of six angles for best cleaning and contains soap reservoir for automatic sudsing and handy thumb-operated flow control valve. Two 24" extensions provide a total reach of 70" — ideal for washing soffits or siding on the house. Makes short work of cleaning garbage cans, lawn furniture, windows, patios and porches. The Swirlon Rotary Cleaning Brush Set costs **\$32.00** (\$3.95) #A1135.



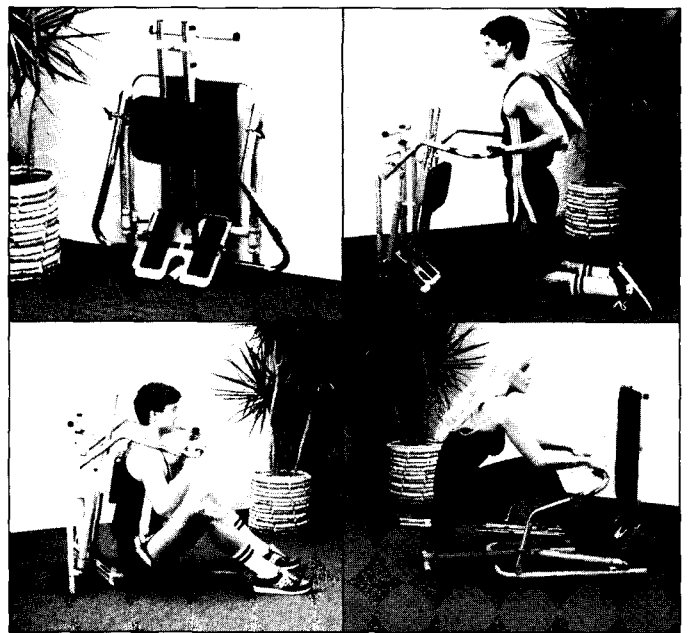
UTILITY SHARPENER

This may be the handiest, easiest to use knife and scissor sharpener on the market. All you do is draw the sharpener down the knife blade. The molded finger grip makes it a cinch to use, finger guard protects against slips. Replaceable carbide inserts. Works on any 2 sided blade, from serrated steak knives to gardening tools. Separate carbide tip in handle sharpens scissor blades. Totally portable, fits easily in pocket, works like a charm. Made in Whitefish, Montana, by a company that makes sharpeners for axes, lawnmower blades, hoe-dads. **\$10.00** (\$2.95) #A1297 each. Set of 3 extra carbide sharpening inserts cost **\$6.00** (\$1.95) #A12971.



ROWING PLUS

In less than two years, rowing has caught on as one of the most popular forms of home exercise — with good reason. It provides rhythmic aerobic exercise without the space needs of jogging or cycling. It exercises arms, chest, back, shoulders, legs and midriff at the same time — all the body's large muscles. It is private. It gives a complete workout faster than almost any other form of exercise. Now Vitamaster has taken a top-grade hydraulic home rowing machine and added a few clever refinements that turn it into a multi-action home gym. The MA-500 enables you to do shoulder presses, curls, bench presses, squats, arm extensions — all in addition to rowing. The result is a versatile economical exercise machine



that meets the needs of the whole family. Tension settings are variable. One-twist height adjustment. Fold-up storage requires only 10" depth. The MA-500 costs **\$169.00** (\$18.95) #A1251.

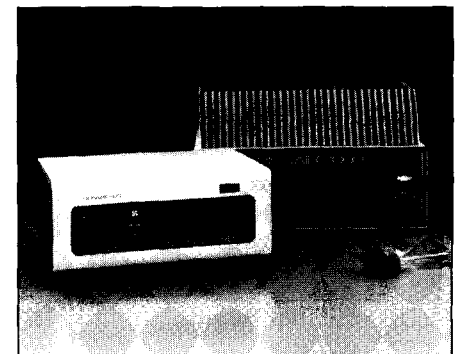
BACK SAVER



Doctors say that one American in three has a back problem that flares up occasionally. That means a lot of shifting around trying to get comfortable — especially since public seating, from automobiles to movie theaters, is punishing even in the best of circumstances. The Accu-Back orthopedic back support is light (16 oz.) and compact enough to carry anywhere. Shoulder support and lumbar pad are fully adjustable for individual comfort (and to allow for the fact that pain moves too). Made of high density foam covered with air-breathing acrylic nylon fabric. Manufacturer offers 10-day trial period, so you have time to get used to the feel of a true orthopedic support. In beige #A1294 (as shown) or black #A12941 for **\$32.00** (\$4.95) each. 1-yr. warranty. Accu-Back makes sitting a pleasure again.

FRESH AIR MACHINES

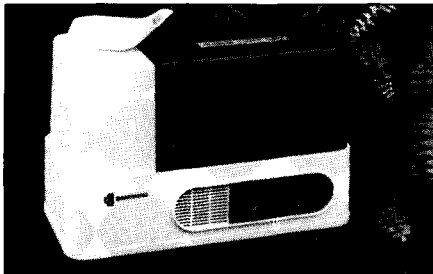
Air pollution doesn't politely stop at the front door. The Bionaire 500 is like moving a mountain breeze indoors. It removes 99% of all particulate pollutants from the air — goodbye to soot, dust, animal dander, pollen, cigarette smoke, smog, molds and fungi. The newly developed eletret filter removes particles as small as 1/10,000 the thickness of a human hair. The Bionaire 500 cleans 45 cubic feet of air a minute, the average room three times an hour. It includes a switchable ion generator — negative ions are well known for their presumed psycho-



logical good effects, creating a sense of well-being. A switchable fragrance dispenser allows you to add a fresh scent to the air when you wish. The Bionaire 500 measures 11" x 7" x 5", uses only 45 watts energy, comes in a handsomely styled brushed aluminum case and costs **\$150.00** (\$9.95) #A1227. A larger model 1000 has three speeds instead of two and cleans 118 CFM of air. This unit measures 14" x 8" x 8½" with a life-time steel housing. The Bionaire 1000 costs **\$289.00** (\$12.95) #A1229. Both models are UL-listed and carry 1-year limited warranties.

TOOLS FOR LIVING®

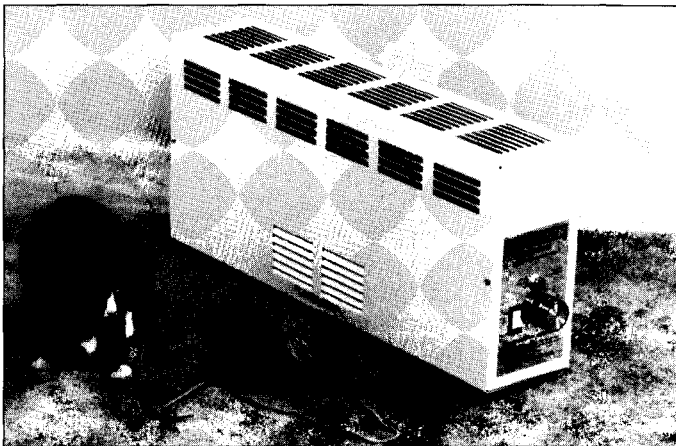
HEAVENLY HUMIDIFIER



Here's one of the hottest houseware products of the past decade. With good reason — the ultra-sonic humidifier does an important job extraordinarily well. Using extremely high-frequency sound waves, it breaks water molecules into a mist so fine that one tabletop unit humidifies an entire 1500 sq. ft. house or apartment. Operation is virtually noiseless — and completely safe (the vapor stream is cold, even though it *looks* like hot steam). The Samsung ultra-sonic humidifier unit shown here weighs 8½ lbs., measures 16" x 8½" x 12½" with removable 1-gallon smoked acrylic reservoir fillable at any sink. Mist volume control allows selection of mist intensity and humidistat automatically turns unit on and off to maintain preselected humidity levels. Unit automatically shuts off when empty, emitting nozzle swivels 360°. **\$109.00** (\$10.95) #A1313.

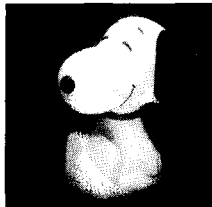
QUICKER HEATER-UPPER

Are you ready for the cold bathroom and bedroom floors that await you this fall and winter? The chilliness that creeps up on you when the thermostat is turned down? The new Porta-A-Steam heater uses a maintenance-free sealed steam system to get heat flowing where you need it in just 3 minutes. Draws only 1000 watts (compared to 1500 for oil-filled radiators and hot-wire heaters) yet provides room temperatures as high as 80°. Sturdy steel casing remains touchable at all times — no fear of burns or fires. Eminently portable, weighs only 12 lbs., measures 22" x 10" x 4¼". Adjustable thermostat



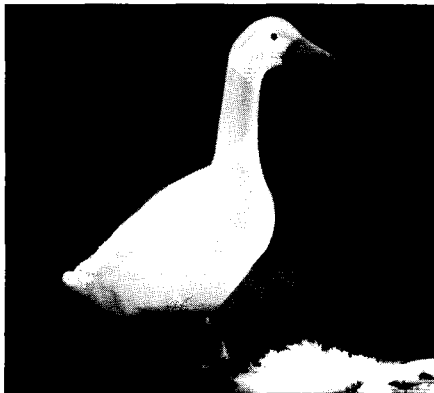
control, continuous fan operation to circulate warm air, safety cutoffs, 1-year warranty. Porta-A-Steam is the sensible supplemental heating alternative. **\$79.00** (\$10.95) #A1226 each. UL-approved. Ideal around children or pets.

NIGHTTIME BUDDIES



What could be friendlier nighttime company than one of these whimsical creations from Heller? Gladys Goose, 26" high, surveys the scene with imperial hauteur, allowing no unpleasantness to draw near; Lite-up Snoopy*, 18" high, camps in comfort, exuding cartoon beatitude. Each light made of blow-molded plastic, cunningly colored, UL-listed for use with 25w bulb. Gladys Goose costs **\$29.00** (\$5.95) #A1221, Snoopy **\$29.00** (\$5.95) #A1222.

*© 1958, United Feature Syndicate, Inc.



DUST MAGNETS™



Tools for Living has introduced tens of thousands of people to the delights of lambswool dusting in the past two years. Lambswool puts the feather duster to shame by making dust literally leap off surfaces where it has accumulated. This magnetic attraction is just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. Our dusters are imported from New Zealand where climate conditions produce the highest quality lambswool in the world! Our all-time favorite, the standard 27" long duster costs only **\$7.00** (\$1.95) #A780. We offer our newest find, a telescoping duster that extends to more than 4 feet! This *Tools for Living* exclusive is made with an extra heavy handle and collapses to 28" for easy storage. **\$12.00** (\$1.95) #A1057. Buy both the standard and telescoping duster for the remarkable low price of **\$19.00** (\$1.95) #A1058 and we'll give you a bonus mini duster (\$4.50 value) FREE!

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS AND GUARANTEE: We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible to insure prompt delivery. The price of each item is shown followed by its shipping and handling charges in (). Be sure to add the item price plus shipping and handling charges for each item ordered to arrive at the total price of each item. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article to us within 30 days, and we'll exchange it or refund the cost, per your instructions.



TOOLS FOR LIVING		FOR FASTEST SERVICE ON CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE 800-334-7777					
DEPT. NRP24; 203 LIBERTY SQUARE; NORWALK, CT 06855		ABOVE NUMBER IS FOR ORDERING ONLY. FOR CUSTOMER INQUIRIES AND CONNECTICUT ORDERS CALL (203) 854-9699.					
SEND TO (PLEASE PRINT)	ITEM NO.	QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION/COLOR	ITEM PRICE	SHPG. & HNDLG.	TOTAL PRICE	
ADDRESS							
CITY	STATE	ZIP					
ENCLOSED IS A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR \$		PAYABLE TO TOOLS FOR LIVING.					
☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA ☐ AM. EXPRESS EXP. DATE							
ACCOUNT #		ENCLOSED IS \$1.00 FOR YOUR NEW TOOLS FOR LIVING CATALOG.					
SIGNATURE						TOTAL AMOUNT	
(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order.							

© ISP, Inc.

ADVERTISEMENT

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Late in the Day

Mrinal Sen, the Bengali director, is 61 and has made at least twenty-three films. Acclaimed in India as the only peer of Satyajit Ray, Sen has been widely shown in many countries but is hardly known in the United States. This ignorance is apparently now to be dented. His newest film, *The Ruins*, won first prize at this year's Chicago

The Case Is Closed
(Neelkanth Films)

Oh, God! You Devil
(Warner Bros.)

International Film Festival, and his twenty-second, *The Case Is Closed* (1982)—my first Sen film—has just had its American premiere at the Film Forum in New York.

Inarguably this delay in Sen's reception here has been an ill wind, but it may have blown a little good. Sen is a fervent Marxist, and his previous work is said to be polemic. It's also described as parochial. In the Autumn 1981 issue of the British journal *Sight and Sound*, Derek Malcolm wrote:

What comes over from a study of his work is . . . that . . . he has traced the social and political ferment of India with greater resilience and audacity than any other contemporary Indian director. That may be why a knowledge of India is almost mandatory before his work can be appreciated to the full.

But recent writers have said that Sen's latest works are less polemic and less remote to foreigners. These statements are confirmed by *The Case Is Closed*. It's not overtly political, and it certainly doesn't require an extraordinary knowledge of India (or I couldn't have responded to it). I hope I may sometime see a half dozen of Sen's earlier films that I've read about, but I'm glad I saw *The Case Is Closed* first.

The temper of the film is reticent, watchful, implicative. Sen wrote his own screenplay from a story by Ramapada Chowdury; the pivotal event,

which happens early, is an accidental death. We then follow the effect of that death on the people concerned, and it's like following a laboratory dye as it filters through tissues, staining them differently.

Calcutta during a cold spell in 1981 is the setting. Anjan and Mamata are a modestly comfortable couple with a small son. (The first names are the actors' own; Sen gives the family his last name.) Because the parents are busy and their child needs care, they do what many of their friends do: they engage a boy of twelve or so, a country boy from a poor family, to live with them as servant and baby-sitter. The boy's father turns him over to the couple reluctantly, tenderly.

The Calcutta winter lasts only two months, so the couple don't buy the boy warmer clothes. He is meant to sleep under the stairs, but because of the cold, he sleeps in the kitchen. One night there's a mishap with the small stove, and the boy asphyxiates.

No one is criminally to blame for the boy's death, but different sorts of blame, of guilt, are underscored by it. The film touches the conditions that made it necessary for the father to lease out his son (contrasted with the pampering—and probable future—of the couple's small boy) and the way the police treat the bereaved family, with more regulations than sympathy. But the focus is on Anjan and Mamata: how their initial shock and pain change, under the pressure of secret guilt, to self-protection, tinged with aggressive defense. The real closing of the case is the closing of the family circle, the clan against the world.

Only once does Sen let a blatancy obtrude: when the dead boy's father and other relatives huddle around a fire in the street, waiting for morning and the chance to claim the body, the flames light up revolutionary graffiti on the wall behind them. Only a few times does Sen let cinema-consciousness ob-

trude: he uses a few freeze-frames, and occasionally he lets the sound of the next scene begin under the current scene. For the most part, he achieves one sort of film purity: we are simply present, with no sense of manipulation by angles or editing or novel composition. The style is "no style," a *via negativa*, no pressure to admire the director. To make a film this way requires a lot of experience, and not just of filmmaking.

Sen gives his film an added twinge with another teenage boy from the apartment upstairs, who has the same job as the boy who died and who hovers outside doors and windows, watching and listening to what might have been his fate. The principal actors, guided by Sen of course, heighten our own feeling of espionage into interiors with the confidentiality of their performances. It's a kind of acting that precludes display and is thus easily underrated as mere "behaving," which it is not. There's a close parallel between the acting here and the look of the film itself: the actor needs skill—enough skill to ignore skill, to concentrate on congruence with the character, on permitting us to peep and eavesdrop rather than to project at us.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Amadeus. Historically, it's hokey. But this fiction about Mozart and Salieri has much of Mozart's music, magnificence for the eye, and a good performance by F. Murray Abraham as Salieri. (Reviewed 10/22/84)

Bizet's Carmen. Pow. Francesco Rosi directed this film of the opera with fire and fluency and with a Carmen, Julia Migenes-Johnson, who makes the screen sweat. (10/1/84)

Falling in Love. The stalest of stories, extramarital love in the suburbs, but with moving and delightful performances from Meryl Streep and Robert De Niro. Ulu Grosbard directs romantically. (12/10/84)

Stranger than Paradise. A first film by Jim Jarmusch, an American, yet not a predictable first American film. Three young people float "existentially" with witty nonchalance. (10/29/84)

SK

Mamata is Mamata Shankar, daughter of the dancer Uday Shankar and niece of the sitarist Ravi Shankar. She has played in three previous Sen films, but she is primarily a dancer; and her consummate grace is an irony added to the woman's change from silly householder hauteur to clawed defense of the home. Anjan is Anjan Dutt. I'm told reliably that he is not related to the renowned radical Bengali theater figure, Utpal Dutt, a point worth making because Utpal Dutt has himself worked with Sen. Anjan Dutt has had theater experience—has in fact performed in West Berlin—and he played the lead in the film that Sen made just before this one. Here it's fascinating to see how Dutt uses his continuing presence on the screen as a quiet journey into the interior, just as longer acquaintance with a person in life not only tells us more about him but often alters what we thought we knew about him.

The cinematography by K. K. Mahajan, a graduate of the Film Institute of India who has also worked with Sen before, is perfectly keyed to the film. Mahajan's palette is controlled to make every unquestionably real object before our eyes—a chair, a table, a bed—look almost as if it were a cutout, as if we were watching a realistic morality play. The cinematography helps this quiet film to linger in the mind, to return.

Thanks—once again—to the Film Forum, Sen at last begins to be visible in America.

It's noteworthy that this Bengali work is dedicated to the memory of Gene Moskowitz, the New Yorker who graduated from the Institut des Hautes Études Cinématographiques in Paris in 1948, who spent his life as a *Variety* correspondent based in Paris, who died last year, and who was a partisan of Sen's films.

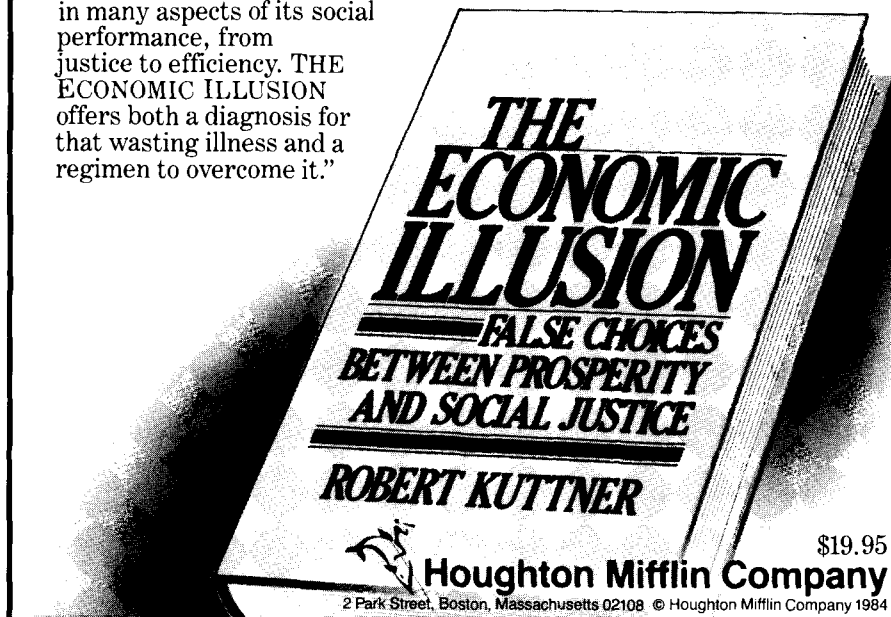
Noteworthy for a different reason is *Oh, God! You Devil*, a wanly amusing picture about a rock singer so hungry for success that he sells his soul to the Devil. He is rescued at the last moment by divine intervention. Both supernatural luminaries are played by George Burns, who has done God before but not the adversary. Burns, bent but unsoftened, is, as far as I know, the only person ever to star in a film at the age of 88. It's amazing to watch the performance(s) of a man who was already three months old when a film was first shown publicly in this country.

"A broadside against those who weep crocodile tears at the iron laws of economic necessity."

Robert L. Heilbroner's cover review in *The Washington Post Book World* continues, "If Kuttner is correct, as I think he is. . . . For a quarter of a century our country has been losing its preeminence in many aspects of its social performance, from justice to efficiency. *THE ECONOMIC ILLUSION* offers both a diagnosis for that wasting illness and a regimen to overcome it."

"An interesting and challenging critique. . . . Kuttner does for egalitarianism what George Gilder did for supply-side economics."

—Barry P. Bosworth,
New York Times Book Review



Winner of the 1984 Nobel Peace Prize

DESMOND TUTU



HOPE AND SUFFERING

Cloth, \$10.95

"Vividly reflects the many talents and the spiritual authority of this remarkable man. . . . It shows Bishop Tutu's human eloquence, political acumen, capacity for righteous irony, theological depth, and pastoral skill. Truly impressive."

—LIBRARY JOURNAL



At your bookstore, or write:

WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.

255 JEFFERSON AVE. S.E. / GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN 49503

The decadent career of the Rolling Stones.

EXILES ON EASY STREET

BY JOHN LAHR

WHEN THE Beatles and the Rolling Stones began to ravish English youth with their music in 1963, there was a difference between the hysteria whipped up by each group. Women shrieked at the Beatles, but they charged at the Stones. Violence and police cordons seemed automatically to accompany the Stones' funky bottleneck chords and harmonica riffs that bust the buttons of the teenage population. The secret was not just the driving sexual aggression of rhythm and blues; it was their gaunt lead singer Mick Jagger, who had learned the values in the cotton fields of Kent. "I knew what I was looking at," said the then-19-year-old Andrew Loog Oldham, a public school boy who had come to an early gig at Richmond's Station Hotel to watch the Stones raise the roof and later became their first manager. "It was sex."

In England the myths of power were dying, to be replaced by myths of liberation. "I saw no reason why childhood shouldn't last forever," Mary Quant said. "So I created clothes that worked and moved and allowed people to run, to jump, to leap, to retain their precious freedom." Philip Larkin registered the shift of mood in "Annus Mirabilis":

Sexual intercourse began
In Nineteen Sixty-Three . . .
Between the end of the Chatterley Ban
And the Beatles' first LP.

"There's no way we could have made the impact we did without the Beatles," Keith Richard said in 1983. "The Beatles we got to use as door openers." On the cover of the Beatles' ground-breaking Sgt. Pepper album (1967) is a rag doll with a placard that reads: WELCOME THE ROLLING STONES. From the outset the Beatles had always encouraged the Stones and the happy competition of North-South rockers whose obsession with American black music they both shared. It was on a tip from the Beatles

that their publicist Andrew Loog Oldham first scouted the Stones. Lennon and McCartney tailored the Stones' first hit to their hard-nosed image: "I Wanna Be Your Man"; and later Lennon and McCartney joined in the backing vocals on "We Love You," the Stones' rasp-berry to the law after their infamous drug bust in 1967. The Beatles set the standard against which all competition was defined. Brian Jones gave his blond hair a Beatle cut. Jagger, a student at the London School of Economics, began dropping his 'h's and playing the

Dance with the Devil: by Stanley Booth, *The Rolling Stones and Their Times* (Random House, 383 pp., \$16.95)

Symphony for the Devil: The Rolling Stones Story by Philip Norman, (Linden Press, Simon & Schuster, 413 pp., \$17.95)

prole. The Beatles were writing their own material and making a fortune; Jagger and Richard were locked in their apartment by Oldham until they, too, began producing original songs.

Though the early Stone records have more shit-kicking rock 'n' roll vitality than the Beatles hits of the period, the Stones seemed to follow where the Beatles led. They followed them not only into songwriting, but into concept albums (the psychedelic disaster *Their Satanic Majesties Request* in 1967), into TV Christmas spectacles (*The Rolling Stones Rock and Roll Circus*, featuring John Lennon, but unreleased because Jagger felt he'd been upstaged by The Who), into conspicuous waste, into drugs, into mysticism. Wisdom wasn't the Stones' bag; and where the Beatles took odysseys to the East to find peace with the Maharishi, Richard and Jagger journeyed to South America to study magic. "We're very serious about this trip," Richard told the press in 1968. "We're hoping to see a magician who practices both black and white magic. He has a very long and difficult name

which we can't pronounce. We just call him 'Banana' for short."

On stage, dressed like sweet matching dolls and styled by their stage manager into "lovable mopheads," the Beatles were not sexy. Stuck behind their instruments and microphones, they were fun for the whole family. The Stones were not. The Beatles were cute; the Stones were ugly. ("They look like boys who any self-respecting mum would lock in the bathroom," said the *Daily Mirror*, buying the hooligan package.) While the Beatles sowed dreams of harmony, the Stones sang of rampage. "The Beatles want to hold your hand," wrote Tom Wolfe, correctly interpreting the battle of images. "The Stones want to burn your town."

"We never thought we'd be big," Jagger said, remembering the early club days. "Thought we'd do blues for fanatics. When we heard 'Love Me Do,' we thought we might have rock 'n' roll hits, because it was obviously changing." And the Stones looked like change. Their music and their dress were outside the English pop mold. The affectless posture of the group—guitarists Jones and Richard, vocalist Jagger, drummer Charlie Watts, and bassist Bill Wyman—suggested that, other than their sperm, the group wasn't giving anything away. Their hair was long. They wore no make-up. And in the R & B club tradition, they performed in their street clothes.

IT WAS A potent sexual mix, and the Stones magnified their sexuality by movement on stage. Some of their early repertoire, like "Little Red Rooster" and "I'm A King Bee," was flamboyantly dirty; and the small taunting gestures of Jones with his lead guitar and Jagger's hand-clapping shuffle were sufficiently shocking in the beginning to make the band seem as sexually brazen as their songs. Even before Jagger had learned to dangle his jacket on his forefinger in front of an audience or to insinuate his big lips around the microphone, the public was getting the lewd and clear message. What looks from the '80s like minuscule shifts of style made a seismic disturbance among the English in 1963. "It wasn't pleasant what the music did to people," said Ian Stewart, sometime Stone keyboard player who was dropped from the original band because he looked "too normal." The Stones created riot. The delirium of the '60s—the restless, ruthless pursuit of

John Lahr is the author most recently of *Automatic Vaudeville: Essays on Star Turns* (Knopf).

pleasure—had found a backbeat.

"Alright, get up and shake your asses," Jagger routinely shouted from the stage. In its irresistible, sometimes menacing swagger, the Stones' sound caught the thrill of the new momentum seizing English life. When the Stones sang Chuck Berry's paean to the open road—about getting your kicks on Route 66—England had just inaugurated, in 1963, its first highway. When Jagger drawled "I just wanna make love to you," or "Let's spend the night together," the recent arrival of the pill allowed teenagers to consider sex with less view to the consequences. And with a new Labour government after thirteen years of Conservative rule, the society was giddy with change. "Our history, except for minor social scandals, is over now," predicted Noel Coward in his 1963 diary, sensing that the pukka England which his songs and plays had helped to define was a thing of the past. "I despise the young who see no quality in our great past . . . who spit on all that we have contributed to the living world. . . ."

But if England no longer felt it had the power to shape history, it could make style. The fact that the style was now coming from a different class reflected that power had shifted in some way to that class. The myths of the dominant class no longer held sway over the public imagination. Prosperity had encouraged new dreams and given teenagers the money to live them out. Although John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* (1956) hectored the public about lower-middle-class discontent, the theater was primarily a middle-class experience; and the *frisson* of his rage was felt only by a minority. Similarly, the proletarian heroes in such important early '60s British films as Karel Reisz's *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and Lindsay Anderson's *This Sporting Life* were the bulwark of "art" films. The English lower classes were unrepresented in the media, in politics, and, generally, in the arts. But pop music, especially the Stones' aggressive rebellion, got through to the class that the anger was about. The Stones' music identified with an op-

pressed minority; they were victims who encouraged the image of victimizers. Youth, whose hopes they embodied, wanted above all to be noticed. The Stones were more to them than music, they were news. "As long as my picture is on the front page," Jagger said, "I don't care what they say about me on page 96."

"Would you let your daughter go out with a Rolling Stone?" asked *Melody Maker*, in a headline that had obvious

his own ofay act of sexual provocation. The Stones were blues shouters who flayed the bourgeoisie, only to become the new hipoisie. They epitomized the White Negro whose psychopathic style Norman Mailer had defined in the late '50s as a new cool mode. "The only Hip morality," wrote Mailer of the self-indulgence the Stones would turn into a recipe for commerce and private chaos, "is to do what one feels whenever and where it is possible . . . to be engaged in one primal battle: to open the limits of the possible for oneself, for oneself alone."

The Stones scared parents to death, and English teenagers loved them for it. "We're not old men," said Keith Richard to the prosecuting attorney in the first of all-too-many Stones drug trials in 1967, refusing to admit there was anything abnormal about Marianne Faithful wearing nothing but a rug and sitting with eight other men in Richard's mansion. "We're not worried about petty morals." And their insolence wasn't reserved just for the older generation. "Under my thumb's a squirming dog who's just had her day," they sang, in an exercise in macho loutishness. "Under my thumb's a girl who has just changed her ways. . . . It's down to me, the change has come, she's under my thumb." The Stones were part of an alternate elite of designers, photographers, artists, hustlers, giving vitality and rogue ideals to the old world. The new decadenti, the Stones flaunted their indifference to convention. In "Stray

Cat Blues," they sang of a 15-year-old girl:

Bet your mama don't know
you can scratch like that,
Bet she don't know you can
bite like that.

The Stones were not sweet in their songs, their private life, or their public personas. At the London Palladium, they broke with show-biz tradition and refused to wave with the rest of the stars to the audience at the finale. On the popular English TV show "Juke Box Jury," they behaved, as one critic put it, like "chimpanzees at a tea party." In



MICK JAGGER BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

race and class echoes. The Stones adopted the "black" truculence of the early blues forms they scrupulously imitated. They gave off none of the familiar signals of the buttoned-down establishment culture; and what's more, these lower-middle-class white boys wanted, even strained, to sound black. And they succeeded. At first the BBC refused the Stones an airing because "the singer sounds too coloured." In time Jagger would absorb James Brown's slide, Bo Diddley's inflection, Little Richard's camping, and Tina Turner's microphone tease into

Melbourne in 1965, the Stones picked out girls from the crowd below and had them sent up to their suite, a kind of sexual room service. "Bill [Wyman] on the phone to the hall porter, 'Send me up that one in pink.' Nine in one day he had, no kidding," Keith Richard recalled. "He just sat all day in his bedroom looking out the window, and he's right in with the hall porter, 'No, not that one, the one with the blonde hair, not that 'error.' Used to tell him off for sending up uglies." In Copenhagen the Stones threw bottles at fans nineteen floors below. And when the impresario Robert Stigwood refused to give the Stones their money, Keith Richard battered him. Asked why he kept pummeling Stigwood, Richard said: "Because he keeps getting up." When the Stones weren't creating havoc, Oldham did his best to manufacture it. On their first American tour, he got headlines all over America by filing a \$5 million suit in New York against fourteen hotels on the bogus claim that the Stones had been refused rooms.

EVERY ACT of boorishness could be turned by the Stones into the solid gold image of the outlaw. When the Stones were fined for urinating on a gas station wall (Jagger: "We piss anywhere, man"), the incident became an example of public harassment. Evicted from hotels all over Europe for trashing rooms, orgies, and food fights, the Stones dramatized themselves as outcasts. "They been outcasts all their lives," they sang in "Jigsaw Puzzle." And when Richard was busted in Canada in 1977, charged with intent to sell heroin and carrying enough to earn him a life sentence in prison, Richard transformed his felony into folk legend.

I wasn't lookin' too good
But I was feelin' real well . . .
After all is said and done
I did all right and had my fun
But I will walk before they make me run.

Richard kicked his habit and walked free with only a charity concert as punishment. Far from living above the law (Richard: "I've never done anything *legally*, or considered whether it's legal or not. I do what I do."), the Stones were allowed to live as they did with the substantial help of the law. They were Exiles on Easy Street. They had access to everybody. As Jagger sang in "Respectable":

We're talking heroin with the President
Yes, it's a problem, sir, but it can be bent.

According to Richard's former common-law wife, Anita Pallenberg, *Exile on Main Street* (1972) was recorded in the South of France by illicitly diverting power from the French railway system. The U.S. Ambassador to England, Walter Annenberg, got the Stones into America for their 1975 tour after Jagger arranged a million dollar contribution to the Pan American Fund. And Boston's then-Mayor Kevin White bailed Jagger and Richard out of jail to do a concert, after Richard got into a scuffle with a photographer. In the aristocracy of success, there are no strangers. Denied landing permission for their private DC-7 in Vancouver, the Stones called Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and vainly tried to get him to set things right.

The Stones' momentum sucked everyone, including themselves, into its vortex. "I decided that if Keith and I kept dipping into the same bag, there would be no book and we'd both be dead," writes Stanley Booth, one of the walking wounded of the rock 'n' roll wars, in the coda to his first-hand account of the Stones' infamous 1969 tour, *Dance with the Devil*. Booth puts a metaphysical shellac on the Stones' greed, while Philip Norman's *Symphony for the Devil* blandly passes off the Stones' saga of self-destruction as a saga of success. In both books the "devil" is a kind of glib folly. Neither author is prepared to see the moral and intellectual bankruptcy behind so much of their hard-driving rock 'n' rolling. The Stones' songs played at evil; but their lives embodied it. Evil is the inability to acknowledge the suffering of others. The destruction of life that seems to have followed the Stones is a barometer of their indifference. Illegitimate children are born and forgotten. Their friends get hooked on drugs; some of them die. The Stones' lives were self-fulfilling prophecies of their songs. Their great early hit "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" (1965) announced the dilemma of their new wealth and fame: they were numb. The song was a blues by people who had everything:

When I'm ridin' round the world
And I'm doin' this and I'm singin' that
And I'm trying to make some girl . . .
I can't get no satisfaction

I can't get no girlie action
And I try and I try and I try . . .

The song, which one critic called "a defeatist attitude toward obsessive promiscuity," marked the end of the band's early (and terrific) blues orientation, and the emergence of Jagger and Richard as the band's guiding lights. Brian Jones, who had founded the group and provided it with much of its innovative energy and tight sound, did not write lyrics. As the Jagger-Richard partnership began to grow, Jones began his long decline into drink, drugs, and paranoia. "He was a nice bunch of guys," Richard joked to *Rolling Stone*. A feckless, mercurial charmer, Jones was too egotistical and insecure not to be driven crazy by the omnipotence rock 'n' roll fame gave him. After seeing the Beatles mobbed at an early Albert Hall concert, Jones kept saying to a friend: "That's what I want! *That's what I want!*"

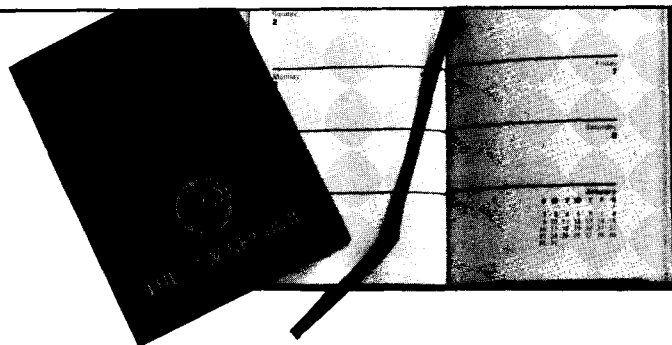
HE GOT IT. In the early days, Jones vied with Jagger for the crowd's attention, sometimes lunging at them with his tambourine and winding them up to a frenzy. Jones craved attention, and loved the violence the music inspired around him. "He used to dig being mobbed," Richard said. "He'd be dead scared of it, but he used to really dig it. He used to demand to be surrounded by heavies, and he'd take off his jacket, and then 'Now. Now. Now. Now!'" In 1966 he broke his hand battering his German girlfriend Anita Pallenberg, and suffered the added humiliation of having Pallenberg take up with Richard. (Pallenberg, who encouraged Richard's flirtation with black magic and heroin, also got Jones to pose for the cover of *Stern* in an SS costume with a doll under his foot. "What the hell," she said. "He looked *good* in an SS uniform.") Although Jones "quit" the band in 1969, he'd stopped being a fully functioning member years before. He was sometimes so strung out on booze and pills at recording sessions that the band just pulled out the plug to his amplifier and let him play by himself; Jones was too blitzed to notice. On the morning of July 3, 1969, he was found dead in his swimming pool at Cotchford Farm, an estate formerly owned by A. A. Milne, who had written *Winnie the Pooh* there. The place, so long connected with the '20s myths of childhood tranquility, was now associated with the '60s myths

of dementia. Jones was another entrepreneur of ecstasy who lived out its goal: the wreck of consciousness. "It's alright letting yourself go," Jagger said. "As long as you can get yourself back." Jones couldn't. By the end of the '60s the whole of the youth culture, embroiled in political struggle and radical hype, seemed infected by a terrifying disequilibrium, pushing it toward madness or myth. The Stones chose myth.

"Hey," sang Jagger. "Said my name is called Disturbance." The Stones swiftly caught on to the game of radical hype. Jagger pushed the songs toward an iconography of anarchy and the band toward spectacle. "Keith thinks that a rock 'n' roll show should just be a few lights and a sound system and a square stage," Jagger told *Rolling Stone*. "I like to do more than that. . . . I want to give people in the back row something to look at." In the tumult of the late '60s, Jagger turned himself into a dandy of delirium. Careening around the stage with the band at full tilt, Jagger became not only Disturbance, but Jumping Jack Flash, The Midnight Rambler, The Prince of Darkness. In these protean postures, Jagger's and Richard's songs were exemplary of their times: the search for imagery to transcend the sense of cultural suffocation. "I see a great deal of danger in the air," Jagger said in 1969. "Teenagers are not screaming over pop music anymore, they're screaming for much deeper reasons. When I'm on stage, I sense the teenagers are trying to communicate to me, like telepathy, a message of some urgency. Not about me or about our music, but about the world and the way we live. And I see a lot of trouble coming in the dawn." Youth wanted change; instead of action, however, the Stones offered postures. "Street Fightin' Man," a song which traditionally ended with Jagger throwing rose petals on the audience, was an explosive call to irony, not to action:

Ah but what can a poor boy do
But to sing in a rock 'n' roll band
Cause in sleepy London town
There's just no place for a street fightin' man.

The Stones, who epitomized the New Boy Network of classless attainment, were singing about the predicament of the English lower-middle class, for whom politics was a dead end. French teenagers were on the barricades; English teenagers were in bands. The



Announcing The New Republic 1985 Pocket Diary

For the past few years, we have been giving pocket diaries, embossed in gold with The New Republic name and logo, to our writers and editors and special friends in the media. The diaries have been so popular that, for 1985, we have decided to make them available to our subscribers at a low cost, only \$8.95 each.

The diaries are made by Letts of London, whose diaries were favored by Charles Dickens and George Bernard Shaw. Each diary includes weekly calendars with space to write down daily appointments, plus a wine vintage chart, a list of important toll-free telephone numbers, a list of world holidays, metric equivalents, a calorie counter, fifteen blank pages for notes, telephone numbers, and addresses, and more.

The pages are edged in gilt and carry a silken page marker. The diary itself is dark blue with featherweight light-blue pages.

It's elegant and easy to use. The cost to non-subscribers is \$10.95, but we're offering it to subscribers for just \$8.95, *including* postage.

Available to Our Subscribers, for a Limited Time

YES, Send me the New Republic pocket diary immediately (Please allow 2 to 4 weeks for delivery).

- ☐ I am a subscriber, \$8.95
☐ I am *not* a subscriber, \$10.95

Name

Address

City State Zip

Write to: Pocket Diary, The New Republic
1220 19th St. NW, Washington, DC 20036

Check or Money-Order must accompany each order.

Stones kept the dream of sponsored mobility alive; and what was more thrilling, their victory, which their songs flaunted, was won without playing by the rules.

THE STONES believed in money, not politics. (Jagger marched once against the war. "I was turned on by the buzz of violence," he said, typically finding meaning not in action but sensation.) In their early years the Stones made a vocation of rebellion; and in the music of their most fecund period, *Beggars Banquet* (1968) and *Let It Bleed* (1969), their songs made a vocation of satanic rebirth. They themselves were proof positive of their music: proletarians who played the devil's advocate to English society and were reborn as plutocrats. In "Sympathy for the Devil," Jagger strutted his pagan power:

Pleased to meet you, hope
You guess my name
But what's puzzling you, is
The nature of my game

The game was rock 'n' role-playing, which gave the culture back its nightmare as fun. The Stones' music was cleverly packaged as radical energy. "Greetings," said a manifesto in Oakland in 1969, hailing the Stones as the vanguard of the new political order. "We will play your music in rock 'n' roll marching bands as we tear down the jails and free the prisoners, as we tear down the State schools and free the students. . . . THE ROLLING STONES ARE THAT WHICH SHALL BE! . . . ROLLING STONES—THE YOUTH OF CALIFORNIA HEARS YOUR MESSAGE! LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION." But the Stones were not talking revolution, only a revolt into style. They marched under the banner of mockery. The Stones' logo from the '70s onward was Andy Warhol's brilliant Lapping Lips—a tongue that taunted the world with its impudence and sexual promise. It became a badge as familiar as FREE THE WATERGATE 3,000. The Stones had a song that excused even that. As "Let It Bleed" says:

We all need someone to dream on
And if you want, you can dream on me.

Myth requires mystery. Jagger was much influenced by Fats Domino's dictum: "You should never sing the words out very clearly." On record "the Stones' mix" gives many of their songs a beginning, a mumble, and an end. "You movung boo meb bee-uhful,

bah-bee," wrote Tom Wolfe, teasing Jagger's "bull Negro" Bo Diddley voice. "Oh vona breem you honey snurks. . . ." The power of the Stones' myth and the paradox of their romance of the demonic came together at the Stones' free concert at Altamont Raceway near San Francisco in 1969. Typically, Stanley Booth, who was backstage in the bedlam, quotes Nietzsche's *The Birth of Tragedy* to justify the combination of greed, ignorance, megalomania, and carelessness that led to four deaths that night, including one infamous stabbing by the Hell's Angels who "guarded" the stage (a killing recorded in the Maysles Brothers' film of the concert, *Gimme Shelter*). "Tragedy absorbs the highest orgiastic music and in so doing consummates music. . . . Tragedy interposes a noble parable, *myth*, between the universality of its music and the Dionysiac disposition of the spectator. . . . Myth shields us from music while at the same time giving music its maximum freedom."

BUT THERE WAS nothing heroic about the Stones' concert. They kept the Altamont audience waiting for hours until nightfall, so that the light could better show off Jagger's "mythic" costume and makeup. The subsequent mayhem seemed to ring down the curtain on the '60s pipe dream of peace and love—a ghoulish capriccio, with Jagger thanking the bewildered throng: "We gonna kiss you good-bye and we leave you to kiss each other good-bye. . . ." The Stones also left the United States without so much as a note of condolence to the stabbed boy's family. To have apologized would have been to acknowledge a responsibility for what they were singing. The Stones never apologized, and never explained. Bill Graham, the rock impresario of the Fillmore West, thundered to the media: "I ask you, what right you had, Mr. Jagger, to walk out on stage every night with your Uncle Sam hat, throw it down with complete disdain, and leave the country with \$1.2 million? . . . What right did you have to leave the way you did, thanking everybody for a wonderful time and the Angels for helping out? . . . What did he leave behind in this country? Every fucking gig he made the promoters and the people bleed. What right does this god have to descend on this country in this way. . . . You know what is a great tragedy to me? That cunt is a great en-

tertainer." But as both the Booth and Norman biographies of the group illustrate, everybody, including Graham, tolerated the Stones because they were big business, and they wanted part of the Stones' huge action.

DURING the '70s, with dispiriting albums like *Goats Head Soup*, *It's Only Rock 'n' Roll*, and *Black and Blue*, the Stones' musical ideas grew thin, but their stage effects grew increasingly large. "Find me a Diaghilev," Jagger had asked his assistant in the early '70s, sensing the need for some larger astonishment besides the music. The Stones' subsequent tours presented literal spectacles for the mayhem of the music: a giant pop-up phallus for Jagger to pound; a cherry picker to swing Jagger as Jumping Jack Flash out over the audience; fireworks for the Prince of Darkness in "Sympathy for the Devil." If, in the '70s, the Richard-Jagger songs no longer had the pulse of the culture, the Glimmer Twins still had the headlines. Jagger's marriage to Bianca Macias (she made an early departure from the wedding reception/celebrity circus, later telling friends she knew the marriage was over on the wedding day) turned them both into high society's darlings. As social butterflies, the Jagers made as brilliant an impact as the diamond fitted into Mick's front teeth.

In the '70s it was as a high roller, not as a rock 'n' roller, that Jagger's fame increased. Richard's soap opera—his break with Pallenberg, his relationship with model Patti Hansen, his near imprisonment, and his winning battle against heroin—kept him the bad boy of rock 'n' roll. But the Stones were no Robin Hoods. As tax exiles (only Charlie Watts remained in England), they did the reverse: merrie men who transferred their tax-burden on to wage-earners. Their money is sheltered in Promotone B.V., a Holland-based holding company, and their financial adviser is Prince Rupert Loewenstein. Having affected working-class postures, they are now part of a leisured class. Charlie Watts collects silver; Bill Wyman collects art; Jagger collects people. In "Shattered," one of the Stones' most interesting songs of the '70s, Jagger shouts in his Lou Reed impersonation: "Success, success, success, success! Does it matter?"

It always has, to the Stones. Even if their music has few new ideas, they've learned new ways to keep their legend

alive. They make their own history to make sure the culture doesn't forget. For the 1972 tour, filmmaker Robert Frank and writers Terry Southern and Truman Capote were invited to belly up to the free bar to immortalize The Act. Capote, who never wrote his piece, was not impressed. "Mick Jagger has as much sex appeal as a pissing toad," he said.

Now, well into middle age, the Stones are not so much a band as a collection of

millionaire corporate executives who get together every few years to launch a new product. Actually it's the same old product sold with more technique. "The Stones do go on forever," writes Philip Norman at the end of his biography, which also does. But the Stones don't need to update their vision of hell for the next generation of fans. They're living it: trapped forever in a performance of a deluxe adolescent fantasy.

DEAR ALLY

Churchill and Roosevelt: The Complete Correspondence

Volume I: Alliance Emerging

Volume II: Alliance Forged

Volume III: Alliance Declining
edited by Warren F. Kimball

(Princeton University Press, 674 pp., 773 pp., 774 pp., \$150)

A few days after the outbreak of the Second World War, President Roosevelt initiated a personal correspondence with Winston Churchill, who had just been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. The pretext was somewhat flimsy—their common naval experience in the earlier war. But his real purpose was clear enough. The President was determined to make his own policy; as he often corresponded personally with his own ambassadors, or cut them out altogether by using special envoys, so now, with Britain and Germany at war—a war in which he was himself emotionally involved—he had no wish to depend on the State Department, and least of all on his ambassador in London, "that son of a bitch" Joseph Kennedy. If he was to have a direct link with the British government, with whom better than the half-American Churchill who, though not yet in control of that government, was clearly the most masterful member of it?

Churchill, on his side, grasped the opportunity thus offered. To him the link was even more important. Well aware—no man better—of Britain's military weakness, he was convinced that victory, and perhaps survival, depended on American support. And he too wished to bypass the dreadful Kennedy, whose defeatism was well known, especially since his cipher had been bro-

ken and his messages could be read by the British.

So the famous correspondence began. It was to last for five and a half years, until Roosevelt's death on the eve of final victory. Altogether there would be 1,161 written messages and telegrams from Churchill to Roosevelt and 788 the other way. They range over the whole theater of war, illustrating the anxieties, the problems, the personalities, and sometimes the differences, of the two leaders. There are moments of great tension, even of passion, and of course there are periods of tedium and depression (though never despair). Altogether, as now presented by Mr. Kimball, this correspondence gives a continuous history of the war as seen, and directed, from London and Washington; and indeed not only thence, for since the two correspondents regularly repeated to each other the messages which they exchanged with Stalin, its scope embraces the whole grand alliance against Hitler.

The drama is in three acts. The first runs from September 1939 to December 1941—from the outbreak of war to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. For half of that period—from the fall of France in May 1940 until Hitler's invasion of Russia in June 1941—Britain was fighting alone. Throughout the whole of this time Churchill's messages to



Stuff their stockings with the naughty and nice

Politicards make a great Christmas gift. A complete deck of full-sized, high-quality playing cards, **Politicards** features outstanding caricatures of your favorite and not-so-favorite politicians.

So for all of your friends who'd like to have a politician in their hip pocket, but can't, put 52 of them in their Christmas stocking.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
DELIVERY OR SHIPPING INSTRUCTIONS _____

ALLOW 2 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY **NOTE:** PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER UNLESS PRIOR CREDIT HAS BEEN ARRANGED

Quantity Ordered	Price Per Unit	Amount
	\$10.00 Each	
	D.C. RESIDENTS Add Sales Tax(6%)	
	TOTAL AMOUNT TO ACCOMPANY ORDER	

POLITICARDS 1899 L Street N.W. • Suite 800
• Washington, D.C. 20036 • 202-223-8700

Roosevelt were a constant attempt to bring America into the war, or at least, if that were not possible, through American "nonbelligerency," to keep the Atlantic seaways open and to secure the essential arms and supplies. When France fell, the situation was indeed critical, even for America, and Roosevelt tried to secure a guarantee that, if Britain were invaded, the Royal Navy would never be handed over to Germany. Churchill refused even to answer such hypothetical questions. Defeat, he insisted, was "an impossible contingency," and surrender or scuttle was a prospect "more likely to concern the German fleet, or what is left of it, than our own." Nevertheless, on one occasion, he was prepared to threaten, or at least to warn: unless America supported Britain, he wrote, "you may have a completely subjugated, Nazified Europe established with astonishing swiftness"; then a successor government of Britain, parleying desperately among the ruins, would be left with no bargaining counter except the fleet, which, with the navies of "Japan, France and Italy, and the great resources of German industry," would put "overwhelming sea-power in Hitler's hands."

THAT threat, or the reality behind it, secured an immediate relief—the exchange of fifty old destroyers for West Indian bases, and the Lend-Lease Act, which solved Britain's financial problem. Thanks to that relief, and the victory in the air, Britain survived the great crisis in the West. But meanwhile an entirely separate threat in the Far East was growing. There Britain's weakness was Japan's opportunity and temptation. Churchill's chief aim was to ensure that, if Japan attacked in the Pacific, America would also be involved. This was by no means certain. Roosevelt's military advisers insisted that America was not prepared for war, and the President himself had no desire to fight for the British Empire. Luckily for Britain, Japan chose to attack America directly, and Hitler rashly followed suit and declared war. Thereafter, Churchill did not need to beg. As he once put it, when advised to continue his gentle language to America, "Oh, that is the way we talked to her while we were wooing her; now that she is in the harem, we talk to her quite differently!"

So the second phase of the relationship began. From Pearl Harbor in De-

cember 1941 to the Teheran Conference in November 1943, it was the honeymoon period, the period of common peril, common planning, overriding common interests; and of a close personal relationship improved and lubricated by regular correspondence, occasional meetings, and shared emotions. There were differences, of course—differences of strategy, priority, detail. But these were always settled, as between equals. The high point of this equal partnership was in November 1942, the invasion of North Africa. Later, when the buildup for the massive attack on Europe began, the inequality of the two Western partners was apparent, and with the prospect of victory, conflicts of long-term interest, hitherto muted, would become clear.

SOME of these conflicts were merely questions of political or military strategy. Churchill exasperated his own advisers as well as the Americans by his passion for marginal adventures, and for small, clever, sometimes bizarre schemes of every kind. He would land in Norway, bring Turkey into the war. Roosevelt, if he was less romantic, more Machiavellian, had his fixed ideas, too. He overestimated his own diplomatic ability; he misjudged Russia; he had a blind spot for France.

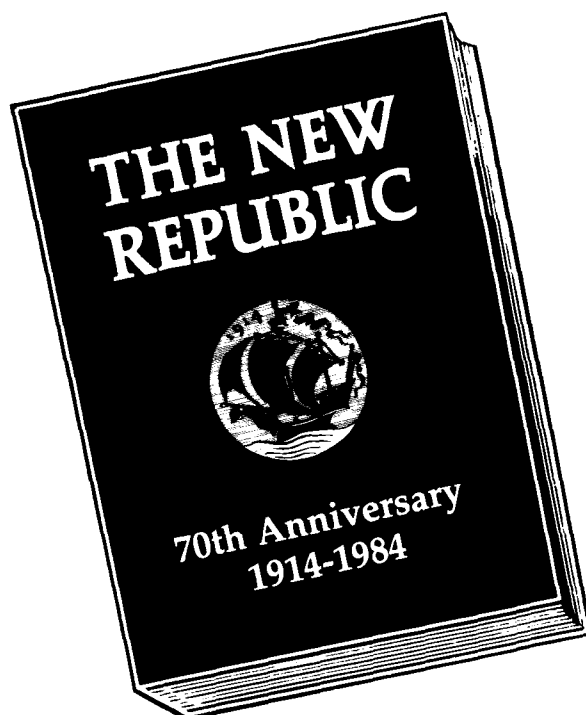
"I know you will not mind my being brutally frank when I tell you that I think I can personally handle Stalin better than either your Foreign Office or my State Department." That unfortunate phrase is famous: Churchill published it in his memoirs. Roosevelt really believed it. On several occasions he sought to deal with Stalin behind Churchill's back. The same self-confidence was shown in his suggestion that General Smuts, the Prime Minister of South Africa, would benefit "in his home problems" if he were personally enlightened by a *tête-à-tête* conference with "a fellow-Dutchman like me." But with one foreign politician Roosevelt knew that he could never succeed. For "that jackanapes" de Gaulle no phrase was too harsh, no shoulder too cold. Roosevelt regarded de Gaulle not merely as an embarrassing ally, a posturing prima donna, but as "a very dangerous threat to us." Almost to the last hour he refused to recognize him as an ally. There could be no question of inviting him to Washington, or enlightening him on "his home problems."

Churchill was no less exasperated by

"this man whom I trust as little as you do." Still, he accepted the view of the British Foreign Office that de Gaulle, in spite of his antics, was in fact the only potential leader of France; he recognized that the British government had "serious obligations" to him; and he insisted that, when the Allied armies entered France, "the energizing factor of de Gaulle must not be forgotten." Roosevelt did not agree. His hatred of de Gaulle seems to have extended to France itself, a country which he expected to fall into chaos after victory and with whose politics he wished to have nothing to do. It was to avoid involvement with that impossible country that he insisted, in spite of logistical difficulties, on American occupation of northern, not southern Germany; and when he ultimately yielded on this point, he demanded an American enclave at Bremen so that the communications of his army need not go through France. "I denounce and protest the paterinity of Belgium, France and Italy," he once wrote. "You really ought to bring up and discipline your own children. In view of the fact that they may be your bulwark in future days, you should at least pay for their schooling now!"

The problems of French politics loom large in this correspondence. They caused the first major Anglo-American difference, at the time of the invasion of North Africa. The Americans then insisted on dealing not with de Gaulle but with Admiral Darlan, the anglophobe Vichy minister, who happened to be there. Churchill did not like this, but the invasion, for political reasons, had been presented as a purely American enterprise, and he ultimately accepted it as a political expedient. Next year, when Italy surrendered, the roles were reversed. Then Churchill insisted, for similar reasons of expediency, on supporting the Italian monarchy and the interim regime of Marshal Badoglio, who had at least delivered the Italian fleet; and he protested strongly against Roosevelt's support for liberal windbags: the émigré republican Count Sforza ("I do not believe that Sforza counts for anything that will make men kill or die"), the "dwarf professor" Benedetto Croce, and the "group of aged and hungry politicians" around Bonomi. "I gave you and the State Department loyal and vigorous support over the Darlan affair," he protested: why could not Roosevelt now repay that trust? He was

"Don't give up the ship."



Celebrate 70 years of The New Republic with this ***SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY BOOK***

Here, in one volume, is a way for you to celebrate 70 years of The New Republic's rich and eloquent history.

This volume contains reproductions of eight complete issues of The New Republic—one from each decade between 1914 and 1984.

How did TNR's great writers and editors view the major events of their day? "TNR's Declaration of War" is in the August 25, 1941, issue. "Why Boston Wants to Hang Sacco and Vanzetti" is in the May 25, 1927, issue. And there are articles by Edmund Wilson on Marx and Engels in 1938, Adlai Stevenson on liberalism in 1956, a review by John Dewey in 1927, and the reaction to Kennedy's assassination in the December 7, 1963, issue—which includes the famous article by Jean Daniel, who was with Fidel Castro when Castro first heard the news about Kennedy.

You can own this collector's edition, which will be numbered and signed by Editor-in-Chief Martin Peretz, for just \$49.95. Our supply is limited. Only 500 books will be printed, and the earlier you order the lower your numbered edition will be. Some of the special features in this edition include:

*photos of the magazine's first offices and staff (including Walter Lippmann), and present day staff members

*cloth-bound hardback with a protective dust jacket

*preface by The New Republic's historian, David Seideman

*over 250 pages from TNR's remarkable history

It will be a treasured addition to your library.

To order, simply complete and return the reservation form below:

RESERVATION FORM

"TNR's 70th Anniversary Book"

Yes, send me ____ copies of "The New Republic's 70th Anniversary Book." I have enclosed \$49.95 for each copy, plus shipping and handling charges (\$3 per copy in the U.S.; \$5 for Canada; \$10 for foreign).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Write to: **Anniversary Book, The New Republic**
1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036

Check or Money-order must accompany each order. Books will be delivered in December in time for the holidays.

particularly incensed when Roosevelt liberally (and publicly) promised Stalin one-third of the surrendered Italian fleet—far more than had been agreed, or the Russians had asked. Britain, Churchill protested, had borne the whole weight of the war against Italy for two years, and had lost numerous warships: “We certainly feel that we are entitled to have our claims for replacements duly considered by our closest ally.”

These were political differences. The greatest strategic differences came in 1944, over the American insistence on “Anvil”—the diversion of forces from the Italian campaign to land in southern France. Churchill objected strongly to this diversion, which he regarded as futile. The logical culmination of the Italian campaign, he believed, was an invasion of the Balkans through “the Ljubljana gap” in Yugoslavia and a march to Vienna, ahead of the Red Army. On this subject his letters became passionate. “The whole campaign in Italy is being ruined,” he exclaimed. “There is nothing I will not do to end this deadlock except become responsible for an absolutely perverse strategy,” and he even contemplated resignation; but in the end he yielded. As his chief

of General Staff put it,

We got him to agree with our outlook, which is, “All right, if you insist on being damned fools, sooner than fall out with you, which would be fatal, we shall be damned fools with you, and we shall see that we perform the role of damned fools damned well.”

Any great alliance is full of little strains, and has to survive great strains. This correspondence is a fascinating day-to-day record of an alliance kept going, in changing circumstances, in a long and difficult war. But of course the strains revealed some fundamental differences of outlook, whose lineaments become clear as we read. America helped Britain to survive in 1940. It was brought into the war in 1941. Though both aimed at military victory, however, the ultimate war aims of the two powers were not the same.

First of all, the American war was not fought to preserve the British Empire. In fact, the reverse: Roosevelt was a convinced anti-imperialist. This was made clear, almost immediately after Pearl Harbor, when he started pressing for a guarantee of Indian independence. The Indians, he suggested, would fight against the Japanese more enthusiastically if they were independent, or

had such a guarantee. Churchill was contemptuous of such a suggestion. Independence, he replied, was the slogan of the Hindu Congress Party which did not represent the whole of India; the fighting part of the Indian Army, in particular, was composed of Muslims, who would certainly not submit to majority rule by a “Hindu caucus.” Independence would merely lead to widespread violence (on this at least he was right); and he made it clear that he resented American interference. His resentment was not abated when the President forwarded similar proposals by Chiang Kai-shek. (Roosevelt respected Chiang Kai-shek, whom he would bring to the Teheran Conference; Churchill did not.) “We do not agree with Chiang Kai-shek’s estimate of the Indian situation,” Churchill replied bluntly. “The Congress Party in no way represents India,” only “the intelligentsia of nonfighting Hindu elements.” It could

neither defend India nor raise revolt. The military classes on whom everything depends are thoroughly loyal. . . . Earnestly hope, therefore, that you will do your best to dissuade General Chiang Kai-shek from his completely misinformed activities.

Roosevelt’s anti-colonialism was not entirely consistent, or indeed disinterested. He was eager to use the colonies whose status he deplored; he was prepared to sell the Portuguese colony of Timor to Australia. If he hated imperial preference, it was largely because he looked forward to greater opportunities of exploitation, and a larger market, for American industry. Early in 1944 he sent to Churchill a long document written by one of his advisers, General Hurley. It was a tirade against British economic influence, and especially oil concessions, in Iran. The author complained that “British imperialism is being defended today by the blood of the soldiers of the most democratic nation on earth,” and he urged that America set up in Iran a system which could then be a model for all those nations “now suffering from the evils of greedy minorities, monopolies, aggression and imperialism.” Churchill’s reply was surprisingly mild. “The General,” he wrote, “seems to have some ideas about British imperialism which I confess make me rub my eyes.” Mr. Kimball comments dryly that “what neither Roosevelt nor Hurley mentioned was Hurley’s close association with the Sinclair Oil Company, then trying to obtain



“... one of the most thoughtful essays that I have read on a difficult subject.”

—Henry A. Kissinger

“Leon Wieseltier discusses his subject with lucidity and a welcome absence of ideology. . . . Such clarity, such a grasp of global history has been desperately needed in the nuclear debate.”

—Drew Middleton
The New York Times

“This book is an impressive tour de force. In a mere eighty-four pages the author tells nonexpert Americans most of what they need to know about our nuclear predicament—and tells it with lucidity, cogency, and quiet persuasion.”

—George W. Ball
The New York Review of Books

“With elegant clarity, Mr. Wieseltier presents the case for nuclear deterrence. . . . It is a pleasure to find a writer who is as skillful in polemics as his opponents and who also happens to be right. . . . the reader who is ready for a test of his own judgment, and especially for the pleasure of sparkling prose, may find this essay the one to read. . . .”

—McGeorge Bundy
Front-page, The New York Times Book Review

A New Republic Book • Holt, Rinehart and Winston

an oil concession from the Iranian government."

Roosevelt's opposition to colonialism extended also—in theory at least—to spheres of influence. In 1944, alarmed by the crisis in Greece, Churchill effectively agreed with Stalin that Rumania was a Russian, Greek, or British interest. Roosevelt objected: why had he not been consulted? "We must avoid anything," he wrote, "that looks like an attempt to establish spheres of influence after the war." Churchill stood firm: "Action is paralysed," he replied, "if everybody is to consult everybody about everything before it happens." Roosevelt ultimately agreed.

One means of maintaining a sphere of influence was by supporting a particular kind of regime. Churchill preferred monarchies—he would have preserved the monarchy in Italy and Greece, even in Yugoslavia and Rumania. Roosevelt at times seemed more suspicious of British-sponsored monarchies than of Russian-sponsored Communist regimes. He was less worried than Churchill by Soviet expansion in Eastern Europe: in the run-up to Yalta he positively avoided seeing Churchill so as to be freer to deal separately with Stalin. Churchill was prepared to alter the frontiers of Poland, which were accidental and irrational, but the forcible creation there as elsewhere, of puppet Communist regimes, was to him "a great failure and utter breakdown of what was settled at Yalta." Here was another reversal of roles. Roosevelt, looking forward to American withdrawal from Europe, was prepared to concede not merely a sphere of interest but an empire to Russia, while Churchill, "from a political standpoint," urged a forward military policy and, if possible, the capture of Berlin.

THESE are some of the underlying differences which give depth and variety to this extraordinary historical record. It is tempting, and natural, to dwell on such differences. But the lasting impression which is left by this book is of a political relationship sustained, in spite of every strain, by an overriding (though never absolute) concurrence of immediate interest, and a personal friendship between two very different, but equally masterful personalities, which was strong enough to afford frankness and disagreement.

It remains to say that the three volumes are beautifully produced, and



Protectionism: Back in Style?

As President Reagan defends free trade while
 clothespins to automobiles and some congress-
 sional Democrats call for sweeping new pro-
 tectionist measures, the case for free trade
 may be forgotten. In this volume 17 dis-
 tinguished scholars and policy ana-
 lysts examine today's international
 trade situation. Contributors in-
 clude **Murray L. Weidenbaum** on U.S. barriers to free trade,
Melvyn Krauss on the Third World, **Paul Heyne** on the trade-
 deficit myth, **Earl Ravenal** on national security, and **Ronald**
Krieger on economic misunderstanding. This issue of the *Cato*
Journal is a comprehensive survey of current trade issues. \$5.00/
 issue, \$15.00/yr.

Please enclose payment with your order. **Cato Institute,**
 Dept. NR, 224 Second St. S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

the CATO JOURNAL

Just in Time for Christmas!

Get wrapped up in The New Republic by wearing our sporty new TNR T-shirt. It is the perfect gift for the political savants on your shopping list. In comfortable 50/50 polyester and cotton, our short-sleeved shirt comes in light tan with The New Republic logo detailed in red. Only \$7.00 (plus .75 postage) in adult sizes small, medium, and large.



TO: The New Republic T-shirt offer,
 1220 19th Street NW, Washington,
 D.C. 20036

Please send me _____ T-shirt(s) in size(s) _____ for \$7.75 each. I have enclosed a check or money order in the amount of _____. My mailing address is:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

that Mr. Kimball's editing is impeccable: professional, elegant, and unobtrusive. He has established the text with care and completeness—he includes unsent drafts (which are sometimes illuminating) and telephone conversations recorded only by the German interception service. His commentary is perfect. He knows all the secondary literature (though not the Bible: see his curious note on Balaam, Volume II,

page 470), and his headnotes, which are both comprehensive and succinct, make it possible to read the whole work not as a collection of documents but as a book—and a fascinating book, too.

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

Hugh Trevor-Roper is Master of Peterhouse College, Cambridge University.

worldly notions and habits without instruction and without polish,—surely the most prosaic form of human life: proud respectability in a gig of unfashionable build, worldliness without side dishes.

A century later, Dwight Macdonald also remarked on the constricted canvas of family life in an essay about one classic American portrait, James Agee's *A Death in the Family*. The love that is the subject of the book, he noted,

is not sexual, not even romantic; it is domestic—between husband, wife, children, aunts, uncles, grandparents. This love is described tenderly, not in the tough, now-it-can-be-told style dominant in our fiction since Dreiser. The negative aspects are not passed over—Agee is, after all, a serious writer—but what he dwells on, what he “celebrates,” is the positive affection that Tolstoy presented in “Family Happiness” but that now is usually dealt with in the women's magazines. Very odd.

And it seems odder now, when even the women's magazines are apt to be impatient with old-fashioned family themes, that so many writers should unapologetically pick them up—so many that E. L. Doctorow, in a blurb for Jayne Anne Phillips's book, suggested that “truly rendered family life may now be the presiding virtue of the American novel.” This year's family portraitists rank as “serious” authors; Jayne Anne Phillips and Robb Forman Dew, both now on their second books, were highly praised for their first ones; and David Leavitt and Josephine Humphreys are following suit with unusually successful debuts. None of them ignores the negative aspects of family life, which have become more various and vogueish than Eliot's Tullivers or Agee's Follets would have dreamed; they deal with affairs, fights, silences, drink, some drugs, separations, divorce, and death. Yet such struggles for personal liberation and enlightenment don't seem to be these authors' central interest. Instead, they are mainly preoccupied by the impossibility of any sort of final freedom from, or full understanding of, the bonds of blood.

It's not easy to dramatize the elusive yet inescapable power of family ties. For compared to our directed lives as individuals or citizens—where we're guided, and goaded, by rights and duties and choices—our experience as members of families is a muddled affair. The pull of blood and time prevails, and we swim along, from day to day

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Machine Dreams

by Jayne Anne Phillips

(Dutton/Seymour Lawrence, 331 pp., \$16.95)

Dreams of Sleep

by Josephine Humphreys

(Viking, 232 pp., \$15.95)

The Time of Her Life

by Robb Forman Dew

(Morrow, 259 pp., \$12.95)

Family Dancing

by David Leavitt

(Knopf, 206 pp., \$13.95)

In case all the babies don't make it clear, the babbling politicians do: the family is back in fashion. But Republicans, who prate about the family and freedom, and Democrats, who pontificate about the family and fairness, have it all wrong—as any baby or parent could tell them, given the words or the time. Fiction writers have both, and lately a striking number of them have been trying to write about what family life is really like. They don't evade the trammelled truth: that family relations are distinguished from most other ties precisely in being fundamentally unfree and all too often unfair. Yet this dark heart of domesticity doesn't depress these writers. Instead, they seem to be inspired by the household topography, the sticky surfaces and the fenced-off depths—more modest fictional terrain than the slippery expanse of society or the recesses of the self.

Of course, the bourgeois institution of the family has long occupied an important place in the bourgeois genre of the novel. But it has generally been a

place of departure, or else a place of arrival, and rarely the central subject of patient, painstaking observation, as it is in these books. Here social aspirations and private, immoderate dreams play little or no part. These authors rarely move much beyond the confines of well-worn rooms and unwilling relations. Those aren't the highest themes, as George Eliot acknowledged in *The Mill on the Floss*, one of the great novels about the claims of kinship. Halfway into her story, she paused, fearing the tame start of her domestic drama might be trying her readers' patience. She was worried, she told them, that an

oppressive feeling may have weighed upon you in watching this old-fashioned family life on the banks of the Floss, which even sorrow hardly suffices to lift above the level of the tragic-comic. It is a sordid life, you say, this of the Tullivers and the Dodsons,—irradiated by no sublime principles, no romantic visions, no active, self-renouncing faith,—moved by none of those wild, uncontrollable passions which create the dark shadows of misery and crime. . . . Here one has conventional

and generation to generation, aspiring to endurance rather than transcendence. (Children, instead of immutable achievements, are the legacies that average families leave.) Sometimes the going is smooth, sometimes not, but always present is an awareness of the constant passage of time and the constraints on the will. That sense is humbling, as Leslie Farber, a psychoanalyst and social critic, explained in a rare essay on the distinctive feel of family life.

We want: to have lived honorably, to have mattered—to our time and to one another, to have had a meaning . . . we want, we want; meanwhile the potatoes are burning and the gas man is here to read the meter. What family life teaches us about time is that it goes—that what it brings or gives or permits, it also transforms or hardens or takes away. We learn that family life is a passionate daily traffic in perishables, and that what endures, in joy or grief, is seldom what we knew or chose.

In literature, those lessons don't always make for taut plots and commanding characters. These are humble books for the most part; there are no dramatic story lines and no driven heroes or heroines. Yet the authors do manage to build, and then sustain, the slow momentum suited to the shapeless stretches of time they chronicle; and their characters, though not outwardly engaged and energetic, are stubborn and unexpectedly resilient. Having abandoned romance, these writers at their best are ambitiously faithful to recalcitrant, prosaic reality.

ABOVE all, they aim to address their imaginations to one invisible and invincible fact of existence, the passage of time—the fact to which their characters must accommodate their wills. Jayne Anne Phillips's *Machine Dreams* spans the longest stretch of years, more than four decades and three generations of a family. Opening with a mother's reminiscence to a daughter, the narrative then alternates among all four members of the family—Jean and Danner Hampson, the mother and daughter; Mitch and Billy, the husband and son. Some of their accounts are in the first person and sound like snippets of a slowly accumulating oral history of family life in small-town America, where jobs and marriages get ever less dependable. Others are presented in the third person and unroll like reels in a home movie that can capture the movements

of minds and hearts as well as limbs.

All but two of the sections are labeled and limited by a date. Within the frozen frames, however, the emphasis is on the fluidity of days, years, generations. In this novel, as in the others, the sexes seem to navigate time's currents differently, and children don't escape its force for very long. The men are easily and radically disoriented by the "daily traffic in perishables"; the women seem to feel the rhythm of flux is less foreign, though still frightening. Both Jean and Danner are unnerved by the falling off from the past that their lives in Belling-

ton bring. "Pointless, really, a lot of what happened," Jean muses.

Didn't people have to do more than just endure? Didn't they have to be smart, as well, and know what things meant? Oh, she compared everyone to her mother: maybe that was what scared her. God, did she hate it—her mother's strength? It was what she loved most and what she hated.

Danner inherits the dilemma. But like her mother, who plans while Mitch founders and who finally divorces him when the kids go to college, Danner struggles to take her life in hand. And she tries to rally her brother Billy, whose

You can't afford this.

At least all by yourself. Wouldn't you like to be able to afford a \$40,000 or \$50,000 national survey every month of the year? What if you could get the same amount of information for less than \$30 per month?

That's just what your subscription to *The Dolan Report* will provide.

Presidential campaigns, political strategists, lobbyists, businessmen, journalists and others who want to know what Americans are really thinking all have a great need for accurate, professional survey data.

The Dolan Report contains information that could be crucial to your business decisions, investments, and the timing of your lobbying efforts—not to mention vital public opinions concerning the most pertinent issues.

The White House reads it. So do the heads of industry and leading Democrats. Now you can have first rate political intelligence on your desk every month—fresh, accurate and ready to help you make key decisions.

Interested? It's not cheap, but few professional tools are. A one year subscription to *The Dolan Report* costs \$350 for twelve issues—and access to over \$400,000 worth of political intelligence. As a subscriber, you can also have your own personal questions inserted into the survey at a special discount rate.

If you had been reading *The Dolan Report*, you'd know about:

—THE AGE GAP—*The Dolan Report* was the first to cover the surge for Reagan among young voters.

—THE REAGAN MANDATE—Does the massive victory call for a new conservative agenda?

—A NATIONAL POLITICAL REALIGNMENT—Are we witnessing a true American realignment?

Here's what three prominent subscribers have to say about *The Dolan Report*:

"The Dolan Report is truly fantastic!"

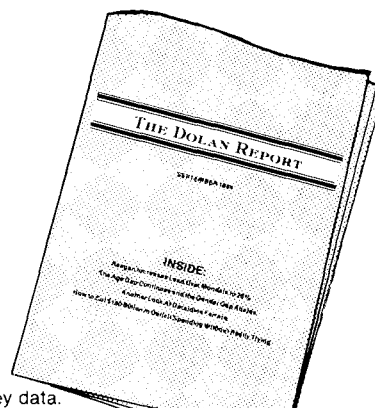
Arthur B. Laffer
Economist

"I can't do without it."

Richard Viguerie
Conservative Direct Mail
Consultant

"This issue of your publication offered great insight into the often unexplored areas that significantly affect our national political campaigns."

Congressman Carroll Hubbard
1st District, Kentucky



THE DOLAN REPORT

108 North Alfred Street, Alexandria, Va 22314

call for information
703/549-1572

I want all the quality political intelligence I can get—every month. Enclosed is my payment of \$350 for my subscription.

☐ Enclosed is my check for \$350

☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa # _____ exp. date _____

☐ I would like to know more about *The Dolan Report*

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Telephone _____

inclination, not unlike his father's, is to be more fatalistic. After his concrete company fails, Mitch becomes obsessed by civil defense in the early 1960s, sure the end is near. For Billy, it's the prospect of the draft in the late 1960s that suspends his will; he drops out of college, explaining to his sister who urges him to see a draft counsellor, "You don't reason through these things. The best way to be lucky is to take what comes and not be a coward. . . . I'm going to go. It's in the cards."

Billy, predictably, isn't lucky, and his family is devastated by proof that it is powerless against such intrusions of public history. Yet Danner's rage at what seems to be willful governmental negligence is the least successful part of Phillips's saga. Much more compelling is the sense of the family's inescapable, if far from all-powerful, presence in its members' lives. "If I hated my government, shouldn't I go and live in some other country?" Danner asks herself,

sounding rhetorical and self-righteous. Her answer, however, clearly comes from the heart. "But my parents are my country, my divided country. . . . I'd never leave my country. I never will." Phillips, moved by strong memories, has mapped that country down to its silent moments, making us hear, with Danner, "the house settle, a nearly inaudible creaking, ghostly clicking of the empty furnace pipes; her mother, her father, walking the halls in slippers."

The political history that Phillips tries with mixed success to introduce into the foreground of her novel is barely even a background murmur in the other books. There's talk of nuclear danger in the Missouri town where Robb Forman Dew's *The Time of Her Life* is set, and softer mention of urban racial tensions in the Charleston of Josephine Humphreys's *Dreams of Sleep*. But the Parkses and the Reeses, the families portrayed in each, don't have the energy to worry about threats on that scale. The

secure, stable lives they'd like to imagine for themselves are undermined by unnerving flux much closer to hand. The immediate source of disruption in both books (which have the uncanny resemblance sisters sometimes have) is a husband's affair.

The scope of these novels, compared to *Machine Dreams*, is small. Robb Forman Dew chronicles a fall and winter, whose slow passage is punctuated by two far from festive feasts at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Josephine Humphreys's narrative centers on the precipitate end of a well-established affair. The focus is on couples more than whole clans (the daughter in Dew's novel is "loved . . . as the third one among the three of them," a peripheral status that is essential to the plot). But marriage bonds seem to be almost as much a matter of fate

as blood ties are; both Dew and Humphreys downplay the role of choice in linking husband and wife. Claudia and Avery Parks, who have known each other since their days in the sandbox, feel the instinctive sympathy of close siblings. "She had always been with Avery, and he with her. They would be orphans in the world without the other." The link between Will and Alice Reese, also acquaintances from youth, has surprisingly similar roots in the past. Her mother made his mother's wedding dress, and Alice wonders,

Was that coincidence, that their mothers came together then? Or when Elizabeth's steel scissors cut into the thick creamy satin for Marcella's gown, were forces set that would gather strength and eventually join the children of those two women?

Time has had a hand in tying both couples together, but it is also what tests the strength of their connection. As in *Machine Dreams*, the men here lose their temporal bearings more abruptly. Will, a gynecologist in his 30s and Humphreys's most fully imagined character,

had wanted a family. Unmarried and childless he was loose in time, fatherless, mother-threatened. After he got his family, his sense of orientation and stability improved, but at times now, and increasingly often, a new, dizzying suspicion grabs him and spins him: the suspicion that the stability is false; that he will round his corner one day and there will be no house; and worse, that he will be glad to see it gone.

Spooked by all the melancholy women around him—by his patients, who are past eagerly bearing babies and "starting to spot and clot, they're scared"; by the "old sad ghost of the thing that used to be" between him and his wife—he finds some solace in an affair with his assistant. Fighting similar fears, Avery Parks leaves home to escape what he perceives as his wife's "nihilism." He turns to his daughter's drab but determined violin teacher, who helps shore up his sense that there can be purpose in his life and progress in his work.

The wives of these two men have succumbed to what Avery and Will are trying to escape: the aimless flow of time. In stark contrast to the energetic women in Phillips's novel, Claudia Parks and Alice Reese are eerie portraits in passivity. Daily they submit to the unfolding of minutes, hours, mornings, nights, with only a general, pessimistic sense of what lies ahead. As well as

THE APPOINTMENT

The Phoebe flew back and forth
between the fencepost and the tree—
not nest-building, just restlessly . . .
and I heard the motorboat on the lake,
going around and through its own wake,
towing the campers two by two.

I thought of a dozen things to do
but rejected them all
in favor of fretting about you.
It might have been the finest day of summer—
the hay was rich and dry, and the breeze
made the heart-shaped leaves of the birch
tell all their secrets,
though they were lost on me. . . .

Bees rummaged through the lilies, methodical
as thieves in a chest of drawers.
I saw them from the chair
nearest the cool foundation stones.
Out of the cellar window came
a draught of damp and evil-smelling air.

The potted geraniums on the porch
hung limp in the blaze and heat of noon. I could
not stir to water them. If you
had turned into the drive just then, even
with cheerful news, I doubt
I could have heard what you had to say.

JANE KENYON

making an ironic comment on a particularly unhappy phase in the Parks's life, Dew's title simply states the preoccupation of Claudia's existence: the ticking away of time. "I do work hard at the days. I work hard to make the days go by," Claudia thinks to herself, and Dew goes on to explain her outlook this way:

She really did believe it, too. She was quite certain that in her life there was a connection between the passing of time and her need for it to pass. During any of the days when the pall of Avery's rage or drunkenness hung over the hours, she had the stray notion in the back of her mind that all the dreary hours would pass them by. She had the idea that they were going through something and would one day get to something else. If she had not thought she could force the pace of the days along, sorrow would have caught her up for sure.

Throughout Avery's absence, she lapses into even greater lassitude, drifting around the house and her daughter Jane like a disembodied phantom: "she had not even settled into a state of waiting since Avery left; she was only being there until the time went by."

Alice Reese is almost as lethargic. She is barely able to keep up the routine motions of motherhood around her two small daughters, much less the more urgent gestures of a wife in trouble. The best she can do is hire a baby-sitter to introduce a purposeful presence into her house, a girl

who moves the way Alice would like to move, for example, if she had a mind to win her husband back. If she really wanted to make the effort; but she does not. It would be too much trouble, it would take too much energy. She has none.

But beneath the hopelessness, she, like Claudia, does have a steady faith in the continuity of things.

In the end, the wives' fatalistic patience pays off. Their husbands return, the burdens of family life proving, finally, more a welcome anchor than a dead-weight. There's a touch of facile sentimentality at the close of both novels—all the more striking after the fastidious realism. Yet Dew and Humphreys don't let their characters off that easily. Everyone is not going to live happily ever after, and it's children—the Parks's 11-year-old daughter Jane and 17-year-old Iris Moon, the Reese's baby-sitter—who seem to have the most suffering in store. They're both disconcertingly ageless, unconventional girls, with a de-

tached perspective on the ways and weight of family life—more adult in most ways than Alice and Claudia. Unlike the grown-ups who finally embrace the unromantic "family happiness" of Tolstoy's story and feel liberated by it, the girls have a sense of imprisonment. Alice mulls optimistically that "in the long run all this lassitude may prove to be peace in a kind of disguise, and all this despair turn out to be the purest shape that hope can take." But Iris's future doesn't look so rosy; the Reeses may be on the mend, but she breaks down amid her own already shattered family—her mother had her at 15, and her father deserted them—and her dreams of an escape evaporate. And as Claudia and Avery Parks are rediscovering their indissoluble bond in the darkness of Christmas night, Jane is "heartbroken with the hopelessness of loving Avery and Claudia so much for all her life, the energy it would require, the fatigue it would cause."

COMPARED to the temporary marital woes in Dew's and Humphreys's novels, the family troubles in David Leavitt's collection of stories look more traumatic. Homosexuality, cancer, and divorce haunt the mothers, fathers, and children in *Family Dancing*. Yet despite the scale of difficulties—and the extent of attention the book received among gays (*Christopher Street* put Leavitt on its cover, proclaiming "A Writer is Born")—what is most striking about this collection is the familiarity of its themes and its feel. Although he alludes to the transitory ties and alien routines of gay life, Leavitt appears to be more interested in the tangled, interminable relations of conventional family life. The underlying dilemmas—the tug of time, the unchosen claims of blood—are the same, and as strong as ever.

The opening story, "Territory," is a standard tale with a gay twist—son brings lover home to meet his parents. Leavitt's unfamiliar slant doesn't just save the story from being a stock scenario; it calls attention to the real tension in the Guess-Who's-Coming-to-Dinner plot—the deep discomfort caused when a child confronts parents with his power of emotional and sexual choice, a power foreign to family life. Home in California for a visit, Neil has invited his lover Wayne, "the only person he has ever imagined he could spend his life with," to fly out and meet

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE

By Derek Humphry (author of *Let Me Die*)

Guide to self-deliverance for the dying.
128 pp. \$11 (incl. shipping)

Hemlock Society
P.O. Box 66218
Los Angeles, CA 90066

SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES JESUS NEVER EXISTED!



Conclusive proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. AMAZING but ABSOLUTELY INCONTROVERTIBLE! Send \$4 to Vector Associates, Box 6215-D, Bellevue, WA 98008. Or request details.



Cozy Sleep Is Back!

We've Discovered

"The Original Wyoming Featherbed"

A pillow for your whole body
Covers your entire bed!

Quality made

- 100% Cotton Ticking
- 100% Small White Goose Feathers
- Baffled Construction
- Satisfaction Guaranteed.

\$165 Full/\$175 Queen/\$185 King 1221 2nd Ave., Ste. 3
Postpaid (CA Res. add tax) San Francisco CA 94122
Free brochure and history (415) 564-7081

HOW TO EXECUTE AN AGENCY by E. Waterhouse Allen

Election Year! Do you Know The Types who Know—How to execute an agency—or a nation?

Wicked satire, distilled from 50 years work in human services agencies. 1st edit., \$3.95

BARK-BACK

P.O. Box 235, Glenshaw, PA 15116.

MAKE THE WORLD YOUR CAREER!

You can explore a world of opportunity from your own home or office with **INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE**. Monthly issues reveal dozens of exciting current international jobs in government, private and non-profit sectors for both the temporary traveler and the career-minded. Read what others have said about the **HOTLINE**...



"Will Cantrell's **INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE** is the most accurate and honest report we have found on overseas employment."

INTERNATIONAL LIVING

"... a real publication, kept carefully updated and current, about real jobs in every part of the world from Ecuador to Egypt."

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS

Since 1980 the **HOTLINE** has covered thousands of job opportunities in over 100 countries. You can receive coverage of the world's most exciting jobs by sending your name, address and check or money order for (US)\$26 One Year Subscription or (US)\$18 Six Months Subscription to **INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE**, P.O. BOX 6170P, McLEAN, VA 22106.

Discover What's Waiting for You in the World - and How to Get it Now!

his mother. She is, of course, the person he's already spent a lot of life with, and Neil struggles to balance the pull he feels toward his past with her and his impatience to proceed with his own life. On the flight back after the visit, which has been a well-paced mixture of missed cues and successful moments, Neil tries to explain the anxious empathy between him and his mother: "The scariest thing in the world is the thought that you could unknowingly ruin someone's life," Neil tells Wayne. "Or even change someone's life. I hate the thought of having that much control. I'd make a rotten mother." Like the other authors, Leavitt knows that the kind of control at work in families is unwitting rather than willful—not so different from fate.

In "The Lost Cottage" and "Family Dancing" Leavitt stages the most intricate, awkward family reunions in the collection, and homosexuality recedes into the background. The theme of both is how hard it can be for families to adapt to changes in their midst. Suzanne and Lynette Kaplan, mother and daughter in "Family Dancing," have shakily watched allegiances shift as divorce and remarriage have enlarged the family. Finally, however, both are unable to escape their preoccupation with their place—or rather, lack of place—in the affections of Herb Kaplan, ex-husband and father. The Dempsons in "Lost Cottage" have been gingerly trying to adjust to divorce, but they too come up against stubborn sentiment. "The whole business is so simple it's embarrassing," Lydia explains to her grown children, who have gathered with her and their father, her ex-husband Alex. "... I love your father, and I always will love your father. And he doesn't love me. And never will." And then she turns to Alex: "'Did you hear me?' she says. 'I love you. You can escape me, but you can never escape that.'"

Yet it's precisely the inflexibility of family feeling which makes the family peculiarly well suited to adapting to the most unsettling force of all—time. Leavitt explores that reflexive resilience in "Counting the Months" and "Radiation," two stories about mothers faced with the prospect of untimely death. Mrs. Harrington, sitting in her oncologist's waiting room, is suddenly and profoundly disoriented.

She was reading a Shake 'n' Bake ad, thinking about the chicken waiting to be

cooked in the refrigerator at home, and whether she would broil it; she was tense. She began to consider the date, December 17: Who was born on December 17? Did anything historic happen on December 17? Then, through some untraceable process, that date—December 17—infected her with all the horror of memory and death. For today was the day she was supposed to be dead by.

She carries on, of course; she goes home and melts butter in the saucepan for basting, wipes her sniveling son's nose, patient with, but also appalled by, the mundane march of time. The mother in "Radiation," also sick with cancer, loses her patience and screams at her messy offspring—but she too recovers her precarious balance. "There, she would be fine. She would apologize and dinner would be fine. . . . But looking at herself in the mirror, she remembered the rebellious girl she had once been, and she was only sorry she could not find it in herself to be courageous."

Rebellious courage is certainly not a staple of family life as depicted in these books, though it may play a part in the visions of those who urge the family to champion fairness and freedom. But neither is the family merely a refuge, a

haven in a heartless world. Rather it is, as this fiction makes plain, a way into close, certain contact with reality. Alice Reese thinks of the family as a pact that guarantees access to prosaic facts: "She had made a deal for the real world! That's what the marriage was for. To get to the man and the children, to get to the cat and the gloves, people on porches, dogs and trees, and the satin falling away on either side of the fast, merciless scissors." That is perhaps a surprisingly unromantic—and certainly an unliberating—view, but it's one that the characters in these books seem to share. They don't expect a dream man (or woman). They know they can't choose their children (and their children are similarly, often prematurely, wise). They're resigned to the fact that the wedding dress satin slips by the wayside, and the fabric of life gets drabber yet also more durable as time passes. It's not that they're complacent, or too ready to compromise, although at times they are both. It's more that, as Humphreys writes, "they crave what's found in pain and loss: a sense of living among other human beings."

ANN HULBERT

LIBERALS AND LOVE

The Reconstruction of Patriotism: Education for Civic Consciousness by Morris Janowitz

(University of Chicago Press, 220 pp., \$22.50)

Classical liberal theory has had trouble accounting for patriotism, as it has accounting for love and friendship. Rooted in an ontology of individual freedom, liberalism does indeed offer a stringent code of moral constraint and of obligation. Precisely because its moral perspective is so demanding and universalistic, however, it has offered no basis for more particular affections and loyalties, loyalties to particular persons or to communities.

The theory of classical liberalism locates man's nobility and the source of his moral worth in his capacity of judgment (his rationality) and his capacity to

conform his conduct to the deliverances of that judgment (his freedom). This power of judgment and choice distinguishes all men, and entitles all men to our equal respect. Particular differences—of talent, of person, of circumstance and affection—cannot yield a title to prefer one over another, as they are not the basis of our ultimate moral claims upon each other. This noble universalism, proclaimed in Stoic philosophy, in some Christian theology, in the philosophy of the Enlightenment, and in the founding documents of the French and American Revolutions, seems to leave no place for bonds to a

beloved, to family, to community.

Left and right communitarian critics tax liberalism with an impoverished view of the self and of communities. Some months ago in these pages, for example ("Morality And The Liberal Ideal," *TNR*, May 7, 1984), Michael Sandel argued that liberalism's conception of the autonomously judging and choosing individual cuts the individual adrift from any vital connection to communities whose concerns and characteristics penetrate and constitute the very selves we are. And communitarians of the right have emphasized identical themes, differing only in the extent to which the values of community and group obligation attach to existing communities, rather than to the ideally transformed egalitarian communities of their left counterparts.

MORRIS Janowitz's book would seem to be an instance of this latter tendency. Janowitz deplores the undue emphasis on individual rights relative to a concern for obligations to the community, and looks to such institutions as the public school and the citizen army as engines for the transmission and inculcation of community values and loyalties. It is hard, however, to identify the basis of Janowitz's concern, since his book is devoid of analysis, or even of explanation of what the basis and content of our obligation to the community should be. For instance, Janowitz both extols the virtues of patriotism and goes on to deny that the "civic consciousness" which he is seeking to restore has anything to do with traditional nationalism, or is in any way incompatible with the most universalistic conception of the community of man.

Some political philosophers within the liberal tradition have responded to communitarian critics by embracing these perhaps counterintuitive but nonetheless heroic universalistic tendencies. And not only the natural rights theorists—those whose lineage traces from Rawls to Kant to Locke and back to Grotius, Pufendorf, certain strains in Thomistic philosophy, and back to the Stoics—but also their utilitarian critics take this universalistic line. Extreme contemporary utilitarians such as Peter Singer have extrapolated from the rejection of nationalism to excoriating a position they define as "speciesism," insisting that, in Bentham's phrase, "all sentient beings" by virtue of their very sentience (i.e., their capacity to feel

pleasure and pain) are entitled to equal consideration.

These warring trends illuminate, among other things, issues in how political philosophy should proceed at all. The universalists represent an austere and rationalist tradition, according to which it is the task of philosophy to follow where reason leads, to discipline and instruct the confused voice of ordinary men's intuitions. Yet distinguished modern philosophers have insisted that widespread practices and strongly held intuitions must, on the contrary, inform and restrain philosophical speculation, if that speculation is to maintain contact with reality. The most influential and elaborate statement of this view is the method of "reflective equilibrium," which is set forth in the most important work of political philosophy of the twentieth century, John Rawls's *A Theory of Justice*. On this view, strongly held moral intuitions must be viewed as the data for moral theorizing. Theories are an attempt to display what rational structure there might be behind these intuitions.

THUS Rawls is led to develop principles that account for a less-than-universal system of obligations. For Rawls, the most stringent obligations of distributive justice and political loyalty arise only within political communities, which are constituted by a system of mutual acceptance and forbearance. The peasant in the Sahel has less of a claim on our beneficence than do our fellow citizens, because they, unlike the peasant, form part of a political community with us and stand ready to be bound by our community's political determinations. (To be sure, the poor of other nations have a claim to emergency aid, and to our commitment to the development of a global, institutional structure that would create a system of mutual rights and obligations.)

Similarly, the theory implicit in Michael Walzer's recent work affirms a right (a universal right, at that) to form particularistic ties of community, and I would add ties of family love and friendship, and affirms the good of such ties. Walzer proposes the good of community not just as one of several primary goods, but as constitutive, in the sense that it is the basis for conceiving and realizing the other more mundane goods. And so to prefer the life of my child in an emergency over

perhaps even several different lives is to recognize a right which I and all men have to form and to act on ties of love, friendship, and community. Since it is through such ties that our highest good is fulfilled, we have a right to affirm those ties and to resist allowing them to be swamped by universalistic, impersonal demands upon ourselves and our resources. Indeed there is a *universal* right to such preference.

But this only looks like an antiliberal communitarianism. In fact, Walzer emphasizes that there is a (natural and universal) right to choose, and to live in accordance with chosen ties of love, friendship, and community. Thus the goods of affection and community are chosen, and their moral status, their claim to be given weight, depends on the liberal individualistic premise about the source of individual rights: the freedom to judge and choose.

Communitarians on both the right and left reject this conception. If those on the right are correct, then the ties we are born into establish the bedrock for our moral reflections and logically do not admit of any Archimedean point from which we might judge the little worlds in which we find ourselves. For the left communitarians the matter is more obscure. Surely they would not have us affirm, as their Burkean counterparts would, whatever community we find ourselves in. But nor can they fob the whole matter off on some distant future in which some ideal egalitarian community obtains. And certainly they cannot allow the individual to choose his community, for this would put the choosing individual ahead of his community rather than the other way around.

BUT my kind of liberal, like Walzer and Rawls, need not be at a loss; he has a critical but secure foundation for his patriotism. His patriotism rests, first of all, to use Rawls's phrase, on the good of justice: he affirms the value of those communities which respect individual rights, including the right of individuals to choose a way of life and to form ties of love and affection. But beyond that, liberal man can affirm with his heart as well as his mind an association with others which he and they have freely chosen in common pursuit of a shared ideal or of complementary visions of the good; in the Biblical phrase, one can *love* jus-

tice. This is the passionate dimension of the contractarian conception of the nation.

There are, then, theories about the source and nature of "civic consciousness." But what has actually happened to patriotism? Has it been weakened, as Janowitz claims? What, after all, is it that civic education in the old days was supposed to teach but no longer teaches? And what exactly does Janowitz mean by patriotism which is not "old-fashioned, blind, mechanical nationalism" but "an attachment to the state compatible with the realities of the contemporary interdependent world community"? In reflecting on these questions, one might at the outset be a little suspicious that Janowitz may deplore a situation which obtains more in the vicinity of university intellectuals than in other neighborhoods of the nation. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say not that patriotic attachment has disappeared from the population, but rather that intellectuals and their popularizers in the media have offered the general population few arguments for affirming and many for being ashamed of the love of country which continues to be felt. The real question, I suspect, is not why the masses are less patriotic, but why patriotic sentiments are so unfashionable among those who purport to

speak to, if not for, the nation as a whole.

Certainly one must agree with Janowitz that the civil rights and anti-war protests of the '60s and '70s played a crucial role. But distinctions are in order—distinctions which Janowitz does not make. Much of the civil rights movement in the '60s was intensely patriotic. It affirmed values, principles, even explicit legal and constitutional norms of the American polity. Those who protested in Selma, Alabama, were as faithful to explicit, uncontroverted American ideals as F.B.I. agents fighting organized crime. It is only later that we began to be told not that the racists like Bull Connor and Louise Day Hicks were the enemies of America, but rather that America itself was the enemy.

What went wrong? Where was the turning point? Surely the obvious and the correct answer is the Vietnam War. Whatever the merits of the arguments against the war, the Vietnam era was in part a school for contempt, disaffection, and even disloyalty. It seemed to authorize a rejection of America and its symbols altogether. From a premise that it was too painful, or perhaps even pointless, to try to win in Vietnam came first the intermediate conclusion that we did not deserve to win there, and then the more radical conclusion that

ours was a malevolent spirit on the world scene and at home.

Janowitz has got the story wrong in a number of ways. I very much doubt that the failure to teach civics in an exhortatory and upbeat way has much to do with the decline of patriotism, just as I doubt that the prevalence of such teaching a hundred years ago had much to do with the role of the public school as a socializing influence. The most that can be said for Janowitz's story is that newspaper editorial writers and television journalists have been making a meal of the defects in our society, leaving those who depend on them for their information with only reasons to be suspicious, if not downright contemptuous, of established institutions. So it is not the absence of positive propaganda, but the pervasiveness of negative propaganda, that is the problem.

Indeed Janowitz's own tale makes quite clear that the unifying, progressive influence of the public school system had nothing to do with moral and civic exhortation, but derived from the school's modest, perhaps plodding but moderately successful, determined effort to promote literacy, basic skills, and a fund of general information about society. If schools then encouraged allegiance to American society, it was not by exhortation, but because they obviously conferred a palpable benefit on all classes of society, on new immigrants; and did so as an expression of the society's commitment to its people.

Neither exhortation nor yet a system of organized good works resembling a domestic Peace Corps (Janowitz's other prescription) is likely to effect the reconstruction of civic consciousness which Janowitz correctly desires. Only a society which succeeds will do that—a society which succeeds in offering jobs, in providing security against crime, which can offer an orderly and substantial public education, and finally provide some sense of stability suggesting that work, saving, and investment are worthwhile and will not be undermined by the unsettling forces of inflation. Only such a society will enlist the confident loyalty of its citizenry and elicit a generous and wholehearted sense of obligation.

CHARLES FRIED

Charles Fried is Carter Professor of General Jurisprudence at Harvard Law School.

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR has recently reviewed and recommends.

T. S. Eliot: A Life by Peter Ackroyd (Simon & Schuster). An intelligent, lucid biography of the poet, critic, and man. (Reviewed 12/17/84)

Zhou Enlai: A Biography by Dick Wilson (Viking). The mixed career of Mao's closest comrade. (12/3/84)

The Fateful Alliance: France, Russia, and the Coming of the First World War by George Kennan (Pantheon). A grim scholarly study of political and military shortsightedness. (11/5/84)

Slavery and Human Progress by David Brion Davis (Oxford University Press). A meditation on the morals and methods of studying slavery. (11/26/84)

Secrets and Other Stories by Bernard MacLaverty (Viking). Scenes from Irish life. (11/26/84)

Bright Lights, Big City by Jay McInerney (Vintage Books). A funny first novel about getting wired and getting tired in Manhattan. (12/3/84)

1982 Janine by Alasdair Gray (Viking). The desperate, diverting confessions of a sexually obsessed Scotchman. (11/12/84)

Deadly Gambits: The Reagan Administration and the Stalemate in Nuclear Arms Control by Strobe Talbott (Knopf). A masterful account of arms control policymaking since 1981. (10/15/84)

The New Politics of Inequality by Thomas Byrne Edsall (Norton). A brilliant analysis of class, ideology, and money in politics. (10/29/84)

The Nature of the Child by Jerome Kagan (Basic). A challenging look at the family and its influence. (11/5/84)

WASHINGTON DIARIST

It's My Party

WE CELEBRATED OUR seventieth anniversary last week, not mine and my wife's as somehow one of my younger daughter's teachers heard her say, but our magazine's, yours and mine. The fete was held at what is now the National Portrait Gallery, a stunning colonnaded building designed by Robert Mills, in the classic Greek Revival style in 1836 and rescued from the wrecker's ball in 1962 by a young Assistant Secretary of Labor, Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Pat was among the 400 guests who dined, drank, and danced to our past and future into the early hours. We'd spent days planning who would sit with whom; still I dreamt the night before that our social chemistry lab would blow up. Not to worry. Someone who should know told me later it was the most un-Washington of Washington parties—a pleasing perception, despite the implicit accusation of frivolity. Or maybe because of it.

THE CENTERPIECE of the Gallery is the hall of Presidential portraits. Walking past this display of the visages of rogues and statesmen past, I recalled Henry Adams's frustrated and bitter observation in his *Education*: "The progress of evolution from President Washington to President Grant was alone evidence enough to upset Darwin." We know now that Adams underestimated Grant; Robert Lowell knew that too, and in a poem called "Inauguration Day: January 1953" he played off Adams to make an invidious comparison between Grant and Eisenhower: "God of our armies, who interred/. . . Grant!/. . . the Republic summons Ike,/the mausoleum in her heart." We also know by now how Ike too was underestimated. The visual chronicle grows less inspiring as it approaches the present. It's true that Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan are not presented here in the final garb and guise of a formal portrait, but rather in oil paintings for magazine covers showing them in the mock-democratic vestments of the age: blue jeans and work shirt. Perhaps they'll look more magisterial in pin-stripe. Yet I can't avoid feeling it's not just the clothes but the men in them. Compare them to Gilbert Stuart's daring Washington, or his reflective Jefferson, or the hauntingly

brooding Lincoln. And look at the inner power of T.R. (here captured in a simple bronze relief), the rigid Presbyterian idealism of Wilson, the dreamy qualities in someone so jaunty as F.D.R., the elegant ambitiousness of J.F.K. All this is visible in the faces, depicted for posterity. But the last two of our Presidents, at least in their portraits, look not like men of the outdoors, as their attire might suggest, but rather like men of overwhelming ordinariness.

I SHOULD BE WARY of historical comparisons myself. I would tremble to be measured against the founding editor of TNR, Herbert Croly. One of his successors, and thus a predecessor of mine, Michael Straight, did just that recently, writing in a churlish letter to *The Washington Post* a few weeks ago that I have about as much right to the mantle of TNR's previous editors as Ronald Reagan has to Franklin Roosevelt's. I replied with the observation that if, like Straight, I had started my career as a volunteer in Stalin's espionage network and ended it as an enthusiast for Richard Nixon, I'd be more modest about judging the liberal bona fides of anyone else. Anyway, we didn't invite only certified liberals to our party, since we were celebrating not a doctrine but a national institution. Around the great hall sat folk to whom we have not always been kind in our pages. At least two such spoke. Irving Kristol and Henry Kissinger were witty, somewhat reproachful, and respectful.

LANE KIRKLAND evoked our wanderlust from and loyalty to the liberal canon. Michael Walzer and the former Israeli ambassador to the U.S., Simcha Dinitz, spoke of one cause that has set us apart in recent years, our support for Israel, though what we have said in hostile times now seems quite the common wisdom. Senator Bill Bradley and his new colleague, my former student Al Gore Jr., appeared, so to speak, out of the future of the Democratic Party. Betty Friedan personified TNR's commitment to social change. Eugene McCarthy's poem-for-the-occasion made people laugh and puzzle. Katharine Graham's somewhat ironic tribute, journalist to journalists, touched the staff especially. Fran Lebowitz told the

gathering that the only magazine to which she subscribes is "the *National Inquirer*, which in my experience is as accurate as any other magazine and somewhat more colorful." Barney Frank and Roger Rosenblatt proved as toastmasters that the respective gains of politics and journalism was the Catskills' loss. The brilliant Yo Yo Ma played "Happy Birthday," and everybody sang along, enjoying the joke of the world's greatest cellist playing that simple, silly tune.

AMONG THE celebrants were at least four people who go back to the earliest days of this magazine. The younger of the two couples, at age 86, was Dr. and Mrs. Herman Wessel, who came down from Elkins Park, Pennsylvania. Dr. Wessel told us that he first read TNR during his senior year in prep school, 1914-1915, which was the magazine's first year, and that he'd subscribed continuously since 1919. Dr. Park J. White, 93, and his wife Maria, 91, flew in from St. Louis. A letter from Dr. White preceded them: "Maria Bain and I became engaged during the summer of 1916. We often read TNR to each other. Common interests then as now, y'know; romance by no means excluded. Background? One Walter Lippmann was a senior at Harvard when I was a sophomore. (The year was 1909-1910.) He was president of the Harvard Socialist Club, and I secretary. Thus, not long after his graduation, when he joined Mrs. Willard Straight and Herbert Croly in the early days of TNR, I became and remained a subscriber. Incidentally, over the years, I have sent a few (master) pieces to TNR. All have been rejected. Maybe when I get a little older. . . ?"

MANY STAYED to dance after dinner, keeping the band playing and the gallery jumping till way past 2 A.M. From two Peretz kids and one Kondracke all the way to Richard Strout, our TRB of forty years, it was a cross-generational party. Very late, a circle of fast and light-footed people danced the hora, to the music of traditional and modern Hebrew melodies. Looking on was the grand portrait of George Washington. Was it his first hora? What a country he fathered.

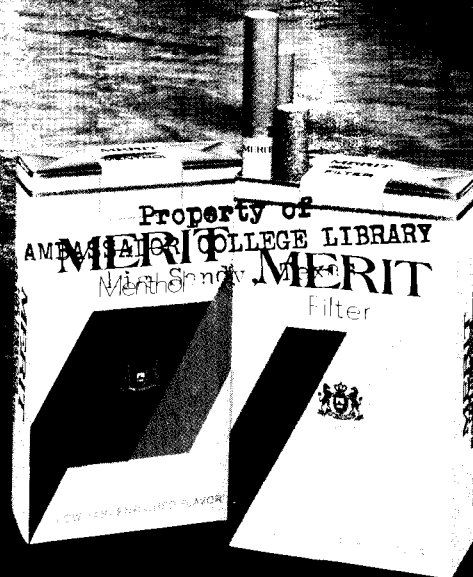
M.P.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
100's Reg: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men: 10 mg
"tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY

Low Tar
'Enriched Flavor.'
Kings & 100's.



MERIT

A world of flavor in a low tar.